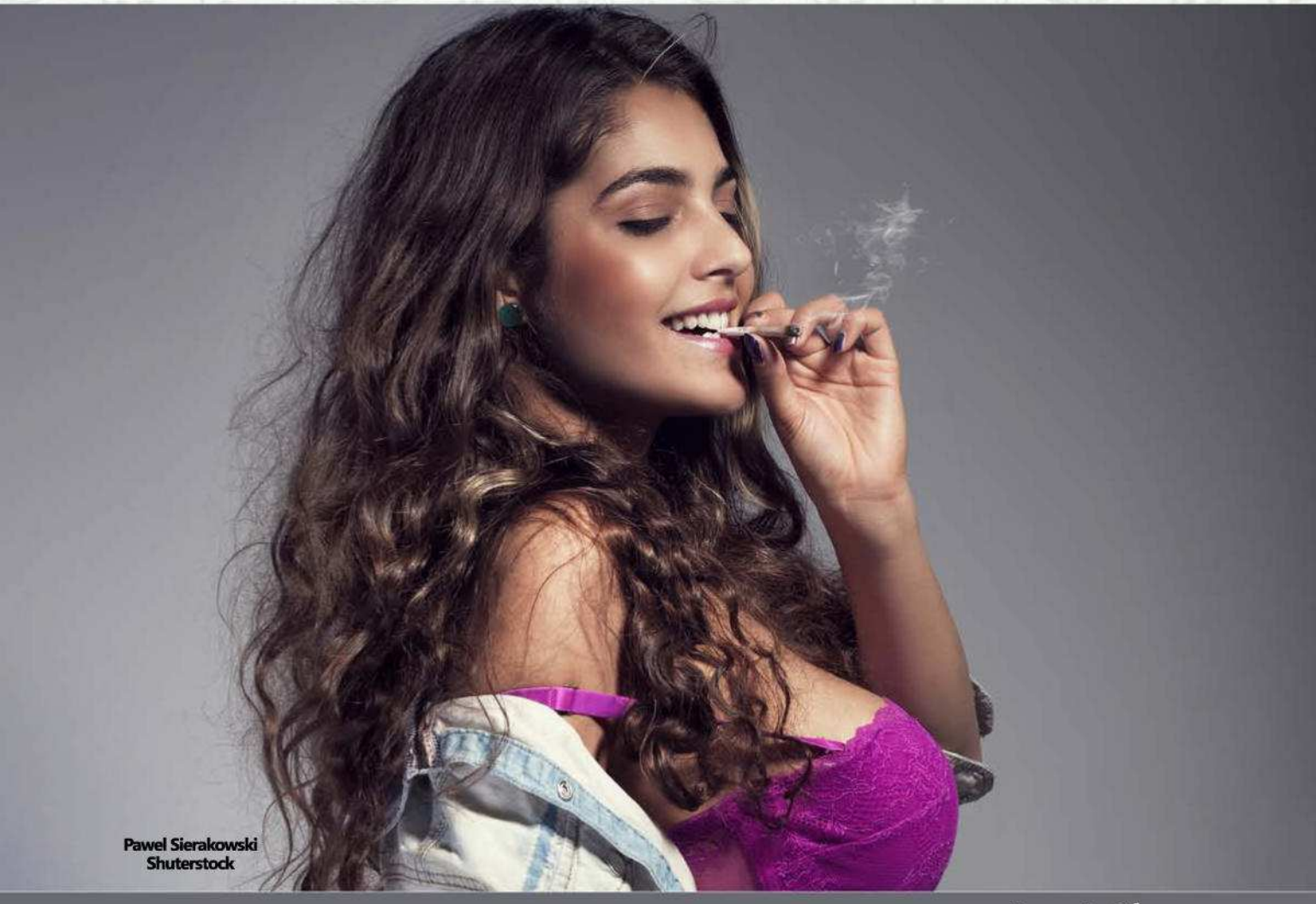

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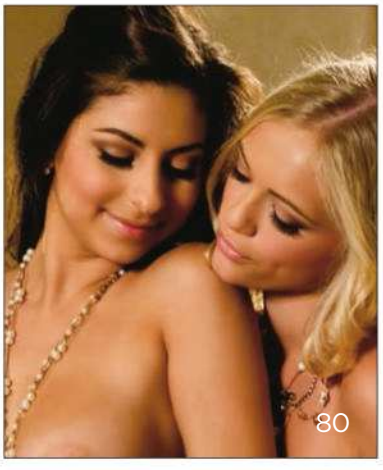
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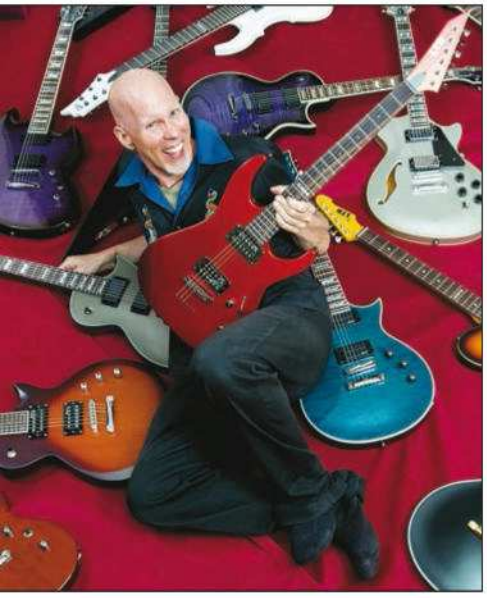
PHOTOGRAPH OF MARSHA MAY (108) COURTESY OF PORN THE GAME!, (46) CATE HELLMAN



PsyOps Beeramid, Saigon, Nov. 1969 Ralph Jeffers

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EDITOR'S NOTE







Clockwise from top left: photographer Tommy O. on the Pop Shots set, Penthouse Pet Tera Patrick, and Danica Dillon

POP SHOTS

Odds are you've heard of **Stevie J.,** who's been an award-winning producer, songwriter, and musician for two decades. What you may not know about him is that he refers to his instruments as his "girls." For Pop Shots, Stevie took that idea one step further: He delivers a music-inspired photo set that capitalizes on the curvaceous beauty of his models: Penthouse Pets **Lexi Belle** and **Skin Diamond,** and erotic models **Nikki Delano** and **Abby Lee Brazil**. As he tells us, "I see the beauty in women as my instruments, and I wanted to showcase that.... Skin is my musician in the photos, and the other girls are my instruments. I just wanted to do something totally against the grain, and I've never seen that done before. And I wanted to be the first to do it with *Penthouse*." The end result is creative, fun, and sexy as hell—a success all around for the magazine, for photographer **Tommy O.,** and for Stevie, who says, "Nothing beats a *Penthouse* feather in your cap. [And] nothing beats being the creative director of beautiful women" (page 27).

ROUGH TUMBLE

Danica Dillon made headlines when it was revealed that twice she'd been paid for sex by the holier-than-thou **Josh Duggar,** a reality-TV star/conservative Christian lobbyist whose past also includes a history of molesting several young girls when he was a teenager. The porn star, who didn't recognize Duggar at the time, was paid to tell her story exclusively to *In Touch* magazine, but now she's free to share details about just how rough Duggar got when they were together. "I've done some pretty hard-core porn—slapping, choking, spitting—but nothing like this," she says. "When I shoot a scene having rough sex, it's not like I'm actually getting abused.... I was scared that if I stopped him, something worse would happen." Dillon hopes she can use her newfound fame to bring attention to the problems of domestic abuse and sexual assault (page 74).

VALENTINE'S GIFTS

Of course, you can trust us to deliver useful tips for surviving Valentine's Day. This year our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to deal when more than one woman is expecting a date on V Day (page 23), and Features Editor **John Bolster** gets **Murf Meyer** and **Diana Kolsky,** the married hosts of *Ménage à Trois Radio,* talking about Valentine's Day, good sex, bad sex, and everything in between (page 46). Our Sex Ed. columnist, **Martin Downs, MPH,** talks about how to be sexy and how to create a personalized Valentine by being creative with homemade sex videos (page 106); Managing Editor **Christine Colby** reviews some lust-activating gifts, from an adults-only card game for groups to sex toys for couples (page 108); and, just to round things out, our Tech columnist, **Crispin Boyer,** came up with a list of cool new gadgets so you can treat yourself to something special (page 18).

NUDE REVUE

As with every issue, though, everything revolves around the photographs of beautiful women. The sun in our universe is Pet of the Month **Darcie Dolce,** who was shot by photog **Tommy O.** in an assortment of sexy fetishwear (page 56). We're happy to welcome back September 2008 Pet of the Month **Kayden Kross** with an all-new set from photographer **Tammy Sands** (page 96). They're joined by a lascivious entry in our series of retrospective pictorials, "Shoe Fly," an **Earl Miller** set that originally ran in March 1995, featuring **Julia Ann and Tiffany** (page 114); and **Alex and Nina,** a pair of hotties doing what comes naturally for the lens of **W. Lawrence Stevens** (page 80).

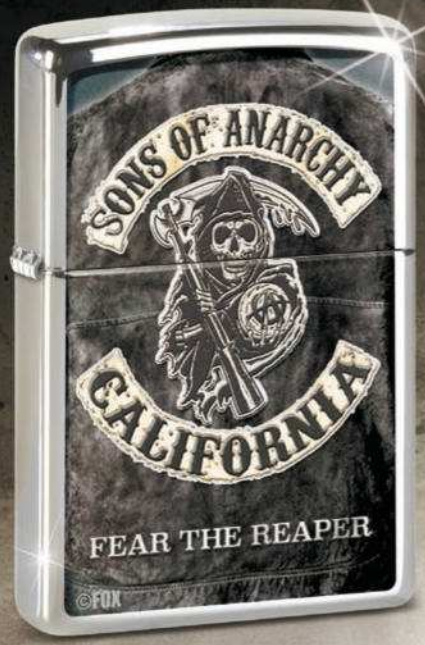
Our column showcasing up-and-coming photographers, Point Blank, features nudes from 26-year-old **Mandy-Lyn** (page 42); Penthouse Pet **Sam Phillips** catches up with 2002 Pet of the Year Runner-Up **Tera Patrick** for Pet Confidential (page 92); and we close things out with a Valentine from **Tiffany Brookes and Memphis Monroe** in Parting Shot (page 134). Enjoy!



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UNDER THE BOARDWALK



Last summer, I went to a company outing. It was a chance for all of the regional offices to get together outside the usual quarterly conferences. And it was the first time I met Regan. She was gorgeous and naturally had all the guys swarming around her like bees. I knew she was a little older, maybe 40 or so, but she had a killer body. I watched and waited, biding my time till someone started up a volleyball game. Fortunately, I'm in good shape, so when most of the guys chose to sit on the sidelines, I made sure I landed on Regan's team. We made a great pair, and after we'd won the game, we kind of wandered off together.

The sun had just set, and I suggested we take a walk on the beach. We made small talk as we headed toward the water, stopping briefly to take off our sneakers. I was about to lead her onto the boardwalk when Regan said, "Won't we have more privacy if we sit underneath?" *Privacy is good,* I thought, and from Regan's mischievous smile, I knew we both wanted the same thing—hot sex.

As I cursed my stupidity for not bringing a blanket, or at least a towel, we crab-walked under the wooden planks and sat on the cool sand in the dark. We both pulled off our shirts at the same time and spread them out on the sand. Her bikini top was next. Then we were kissing deeply, our limbs tangled with each other's.

Regan rolled on top of me and quickly shucked down my shorts. My cock was well on its way to full hardness when her hot mouth sucked me in. I ground my head into the sand as she stroked and sucked, getting my cock good and slick. She seemed determined to get me off, and I was so hot for her that she might have succeeded had I let her continue. Instead, I wrapped my fists in her hair and used that silky mane to pull her off my cock. Then we were kissing again, wrestling for the top position.

We stopped long enough to finish undressing. With nothing but our clothes to lie on, Regan ended up on top again. I made her turn around so we could suck each other off. She was so incredibly limber and easy to maneuver that I knew I just had to get this woman into a real bed.

I feasted on Regan's pussy, while she licked and massaged my balls.

I feasted on Regan's pussy, loving how responsive she was. Her little tremors and moans clued me into what she liked, while she licked and massaged my balls. It was a battle of wills, both of us trying to hold out so the other would come first. It turned out to be a tie. I added my fingers to the mix, probing her ass with my thumb and her pussy with my fingers. As she started to come, she sucked hard, humming and moaning around my shaft. My release was sudden and nearly violent as I spewed my seed down her throat.

Regan lay sprawled on top of me, and after a few minutes, I tugged her around so we were face-to-face. We kissed, tasting ourselves on each other's lips. Sand stuck to our skin, which was not all that pleasant, but we weren't ready to move just yet. Plus, I could still hear voices in the distance.

"You think if we stay here a while longer we'll have the beach to ourselves?" I asked.

"I have a better idea," she said. "Let's just put on our T-shirts and take a swim."

Now why hadn't I thought of that? We put on our shirts, grabbed the rest of our clothes, and ran into the water to rinse off the sand. The beach was empty, and we saw only a few remaining cars in the distance. The water was warm but refreshing, and my cock had had enough time to bounce back.

With the sand gone, I grabbed Regan and she hopped up to throw her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist. Her nipples were at the perfect level for my mouth, and I sucked the hard points between my teeth, tugging, then flicking them with my tongue. I squeezed her ass cheeks and let my fingers probe between her labia.

"Fuck me, Steve," she said. I raised her up and lowered her onto my cock, ready and willing to do whatever Regan wanted.—*S.J., South Carolina*

More letters on page 122

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ON THE RIGHT TRACK



Eighty years after African-American track-and-field legend Jesse Owens won four gold medals at the 1936 Olympics in Berlin, his performance is still considered one of the greatest triumphs in sports history. But while the new film ***Race*** is telling his story as it's long been seen—as a big fuck-you to Adolf Hitler, Nazi-era Germany, and discrimination—it's also honest about the less-attractive truth: Owens didn't exactly enjoy the spoils of equality when he got back home. With *Selma*'s Stephan James in the title role—and despite the fact that comedian Jason Sudeikis plays the athlete's single-minded coach—we expect a movie that truly does justice to the complexity of this incredible story.
By Kara Wahlgren

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QUICK PICKS

FLICKS



Deadpool

Marvel movies are typically a sure bet, but this may be the franchise's biggest gamble in a while—it's a dark, bloody film that definitely earns its R rating. Ryan Reynolds stars as Wade Wilson, who develops healing superpowers after an experimental cancer treatment goes awry. But he's hardly the typical superhero: He's snarky and bitter, and his sidekick is a mutant goth chick. And it marks the feature-film debut for director Tim Miller, who is best known as the creative force behind the badass opening sequences of *Thor: The Dark World* and *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo*. It's not your typical Marvel movie, but we expect it to break the mold in all the right ways.

Also This Month

The Finest Hours

Casey Affleck and Chris Pine star in this gripping disaster drama about the Coast Guard's daring small-boat rescue after two oil tankers are destroyed in a nor'easter off the coast of Cape Cod.

Pride and Prejudice and Zombies

The nineteenth-century Jane Austen novel gets a visit from the undead in this horror comedy starring Lily James and Sam Riley, adapted from the 2009 mash-up novel of the same name.

Hail, Caesar!

In the Coen brothers' movie about a movie, George Clooney stars as a kidnapped actor, and Josh Brolin plays the Hollywood "fixer" tasked with collecting his ransom and rescuing him.

Zoolander No. 2

You can't rush perfection, and we're hoping that's why we waited 15 years for this sequel. Ben Stiller and Owen Wilson reprise their roles as supermodels, this time defending the world of high fashion when an assassin starts picking off the beautiful people.

Triple 9

We love a good ensemble drama, and this heist flick—about a team of criminals being blackmailed by the Russian mob—boasts a cast that includes Chiwetel Ejiofor, Norman Reedus, Woody Harrelson, Casey Affleck, Aaron Paul, Michael K. Williams, and Kate Winslet.

DVDs



The Serpent and the Rainbow: Collector's Edition

This 1988 Wes Craven voodoo flick has long been a cult hit among horror fans. Bill Pullman stars as a scientist who travels to Haiti in search of a mysterious zombie drug that renders people conscious but completely paralyzed. It quickly becomes the trip from hell, complete with haunted dreams and a terrifyingly claustrophobic buried-alive scene. If you're a fan of the genre, this creepy thriller—one of the few movies ever filmed in Haiti—is a worthy addition to your Blu-ray collection.



Straight Outta Compton

This biopic about groundbreaking gangsta rappers N.W.A. earned critical raves and raked in more than $200 million worldwide. The Blu-ray release promises even more insight into the group that revolutionized hip-hop. An unrated director's cut will be available that features 20 minutes of new material; extras will include deleted scenes, behind-the-scenes footage, and commentary from director F. Gary Gray.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (*DEADPOOL*) JOE LEDERER/MARVEL/TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX FILM CORPORATION; (*THE SERPENT AND THE RAINBOW*) UNIVERSAL/THE KOBAL COLLECTION; (*STRAIGHT OUTTA COMPTON*) NEW LINE/UNIVERSAL/THE KOBAL COLLECTION/TRUEBLOOD, JAIMIE

TV



Super Bowl 50

Regardless of who's playing on the field, we'll be tuning in for the commercials, the halftime show (maybe), and to check the status of a few friendly bets. Since this is the half-century anniversary for the big game, we expect all the above to be bigger and better than ever. Coldplay has been selected as the headliner for halftime, which resulted in some hilarious heckling via Twitter. Here's hoping they exceed expectations.



Viceland TV

H2 was nerdvana for history buffs, but that was not enough to save the flagging A&E network, and it will be replaced by the all-new Viceland TV channel this month. As Viceland's creative director, Spike Jonze (above) will oversee the channel's development; he says new shows will focus on strong viewpoints—case in point, the initial lineup includes *Gaycation, Weediquette,* and *Fuck, That's Delicious*.

SOUNDS



Nevermen *Nevermen*

What do you get when you cross Faith No More frontman Mike Patton, TV on the Radio singer Tunde Adebimpe, and indie hip-hop producer Doseone? It's not a riddle—the answer is, the self-titled debut from the supergroup Nevermen, who teamed up in 2008 and took their sweet old time releasing an album. The final product is a toned-down blend of indie rock and trip-hop—more mellow than Faith No More fans will be used to, but definitely worth a listen.





The Rubens *Hoops*

If you're a fan of blues-rock, the sophomore album from this Aussie alt-rock band deserves a spot alongside your Black Keys and White Stripes albums. David Kahne—who's worked with Paul McCartney and Lana Del Ray—produced the new album, and the instantly-stuck-in-your-head title track is already in steady rotation Down Under. Grab a copy and get ahead of the curve.



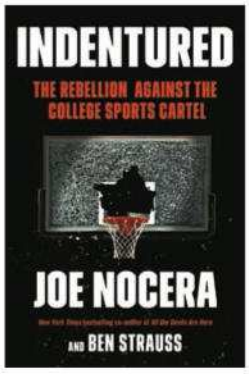


Lucinda Williams *The Ghosts of Highway 20*

Apparently Lucinda Williams had inspiration to spare after her 2014 double album. Named for a stretch of highway in northern Louisiana, *Ghosts* is a collection of alt-country songs centered on characters who live or travel along the roadway. Two covers—Bruce Springsteen's "Factory" and Woody Guthrie's "House of Earth"—round out the mix.

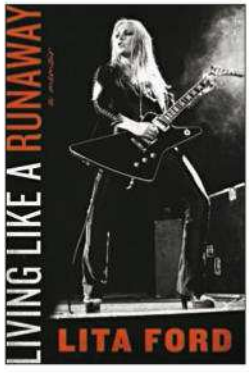


READS



Joe Nocera and Ben Strauss *Indentured*

For decades, the college-sports industry has raked in billions annually while its athletes were prohibited from profiting off their abilities. Teams banked millions through apparel contracts, while athletes were banned from endorsement deals. In this exposé, sportswriters Nocera and Strauss uncover the full depth of the exploitation of college athletes and the ongoing fight for their right to earn a fair income.



Lita Ford *Living Like a Runaway*

The queen of metal joined the Runaways at age 16, had a platinum-selling solo album, played to sold-out arenas, sang a duet with Ozzy Osbourne, and showed the world that women could shred. In this revealing memoir, we get a look at her trailblazing career—and some intimate details about her turbulent personal life. Given the people she's dated or collaborated with, it should make for interesting stories.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (SUPERBOWL) DAVID DRAPKIN, (SPIKE JONZE) LUKE VACHON/SPLASH NEWS/CORBIS, (NEVERMEN) PETER HINSON, (THE RUBENS) CYBELE MALINOWSKI, (LUCINDA WILLIAMS) DAVID MCCLISTER

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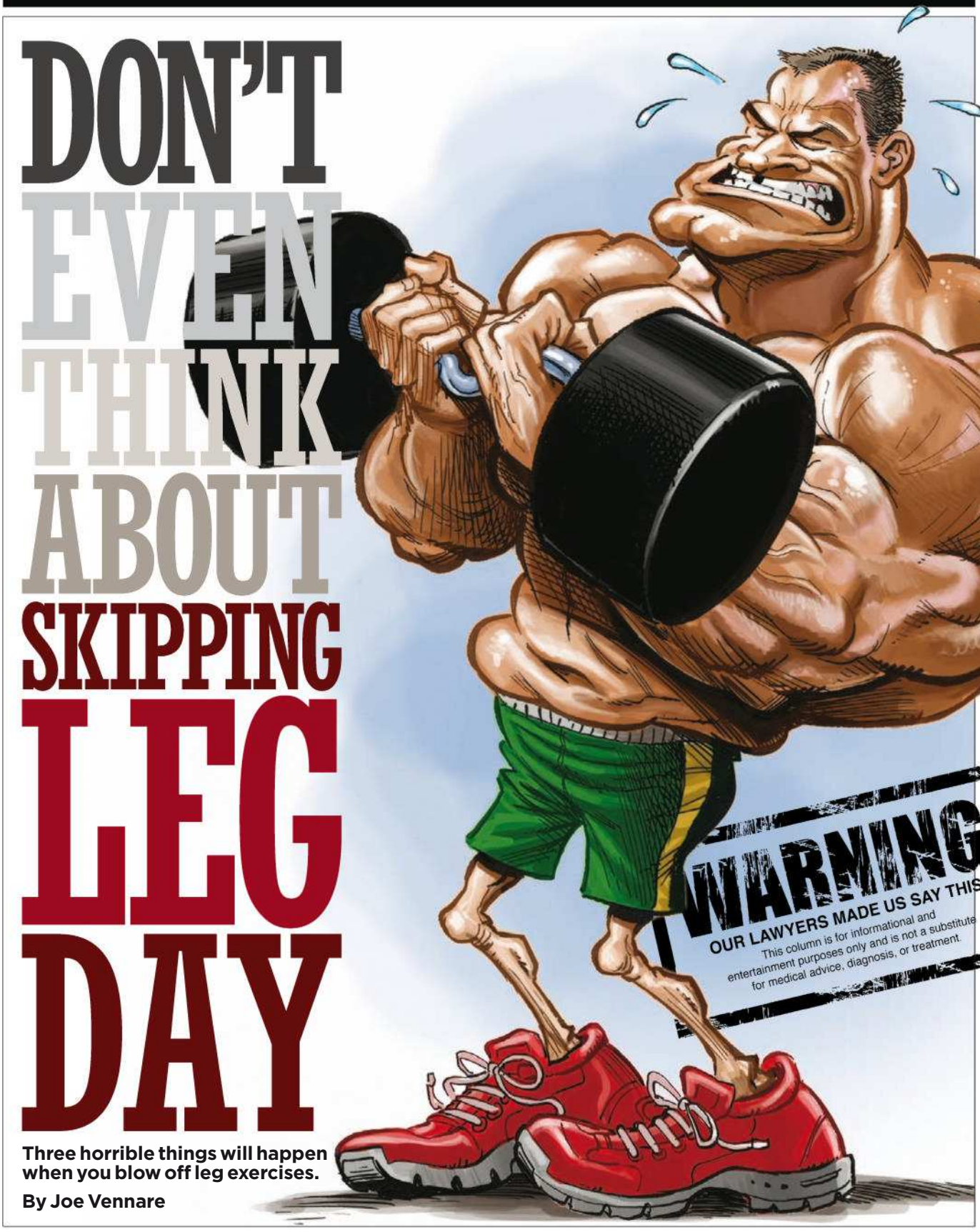
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V042T

HEALTH & FITNESS

DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT SKIPPING LEG DAY



Three horrible things will happen when you blow off leg exercises.

By Joe Vennare

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM RICHMOND

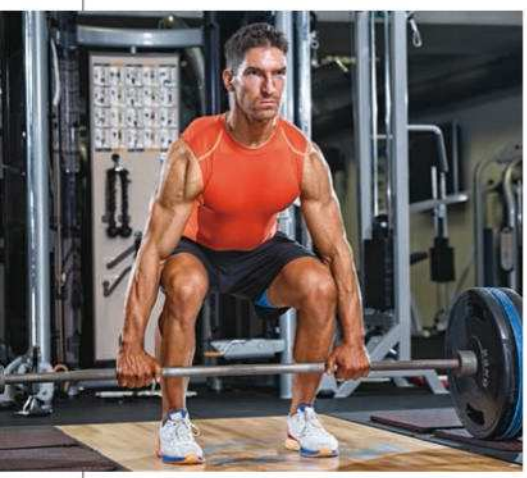
Skipping leg day. Ah, yes. The disastrous mistake made by bros and beginners looking to build a beach body in time for spring break.

Before you read one more word, let's take a second to state an obvious fact that ass-less guys everywhere refuse to acknowledge: You look ridiculous. Really and truly, brother. Yes, we all see your massive arms. Those broad shoulders are impressive, too. But don't get too full of yourself just yet. Because things are not as they appear. Allow me to explain.

Upon entering any room, you notice everyone noticing you. As a result, you've convinced yourself that all the women want you, and all the guys want to be you. *Pussies. Do they even lift?* you think to yourself. Basically, you're the epitome of Tommy Tough Nuts (read: a douche). Strutting your stuff. Peacocking, if you will.

Whoa! Pump the brakes, buddy. There's something you need to know. We are, in fact, staring at you. Except it's not for the reasons you think. We're actually wondering how you managed to squeeze your oversize upper body into that medium shirt—and asking ourselves when the combination of disproportionately large arms and teeny, tiny legs will cause you to topple over.

Now that you've checked back into reality, we can effectively address the problem—your slender legs—with a rather straightforward solution: squats, and other leg exercises, like dead lifts and more squats, of course. Otherwise, you're in for a lifetime of skinny legs and shortcomings best summarized by these three things that happen when you skip leg day.



Mistake No. 1: You sabotage your gains.

When guys are being guys, whether it's in the locker room or at the bar, at some point the conversation is bound to hit on hitting the gym. And when it does, there's one thing everyone wants to know: How much do you bench, bro? This line of questioning has led you to believe that the bench press is the king of strength exercises. But that's a myth, my friend. The real leaders of the pack are lower-body exercises like the back squat and dead lift. Here's why.

When it comes to return on investment, squats elicit a greater return than upper-body exercises, like bench presses or biceps curls. It all boils down to the science of strength and a little anatomy. The muscles of the lower body—i.e., glutes, quads, and hamstrings—are the body's big movers. They are powerhouse muscles. Research shows that exercises like the squat recruit multiple muscle groups and elicit a larger hormonal response, making them more effective for building strength and muscle than moves like chest flyes.

Takeaway: Engage more muscles, burn more calories, and spike testosterone levels by including squats or dead lifts in your workout routine.



Mistake No. 2: You're a walking wardrobe malfunction.

The way your massive upper body disappears into your baggy jeans is mind-blowing. Where is your ass? Or quads, for that matter? You look completely out of proportion. And we're not saying that to hurt your feelings. Think of this as an intervention of sorts. Everyone knows why you wear sweatpants to the gym in August. It's clearly not a fashion statement. They're not functional, either. It's to hide your skinny legs.

There, it's out in the open. Doesn't it feel good? Here's the deal. Stop performing set after set of biceps curls while checking out your arms in the mirror. You're not permitted to cut the sleeves off another T-shirt until you can dead lift twice your body weight. (And there's absolutely no reason to cut the sleeves off a hooded sweatshirt. Ever. If you own one, throw it away.)

Here's a better idea: Try to outgrow your jeans by adding some ass. The upside is significant and scientific. The ladies love it! According to UCLA's Kerri Johnson, PhD, a leading specialist in the psychology of human attraction, a muscular derriere makes men more attractive.

Takeaway: Stronger legs and a more muscular ass will make your jeans fit better, make wearing shorts a real possibility, and make women want you.



Mistake No. 3: You're being unathletic.

Having big biceps and boulders for shoulders is fun and all, until you have to put your hands above your head to, let's see, grab something off a shelf. Being able to bend down is also useful for, well, everything. That's why you'll be excited to know that stronger legs and squatting every damn day improve balance and help reduce injury risks, by making us more mobile and athletic.

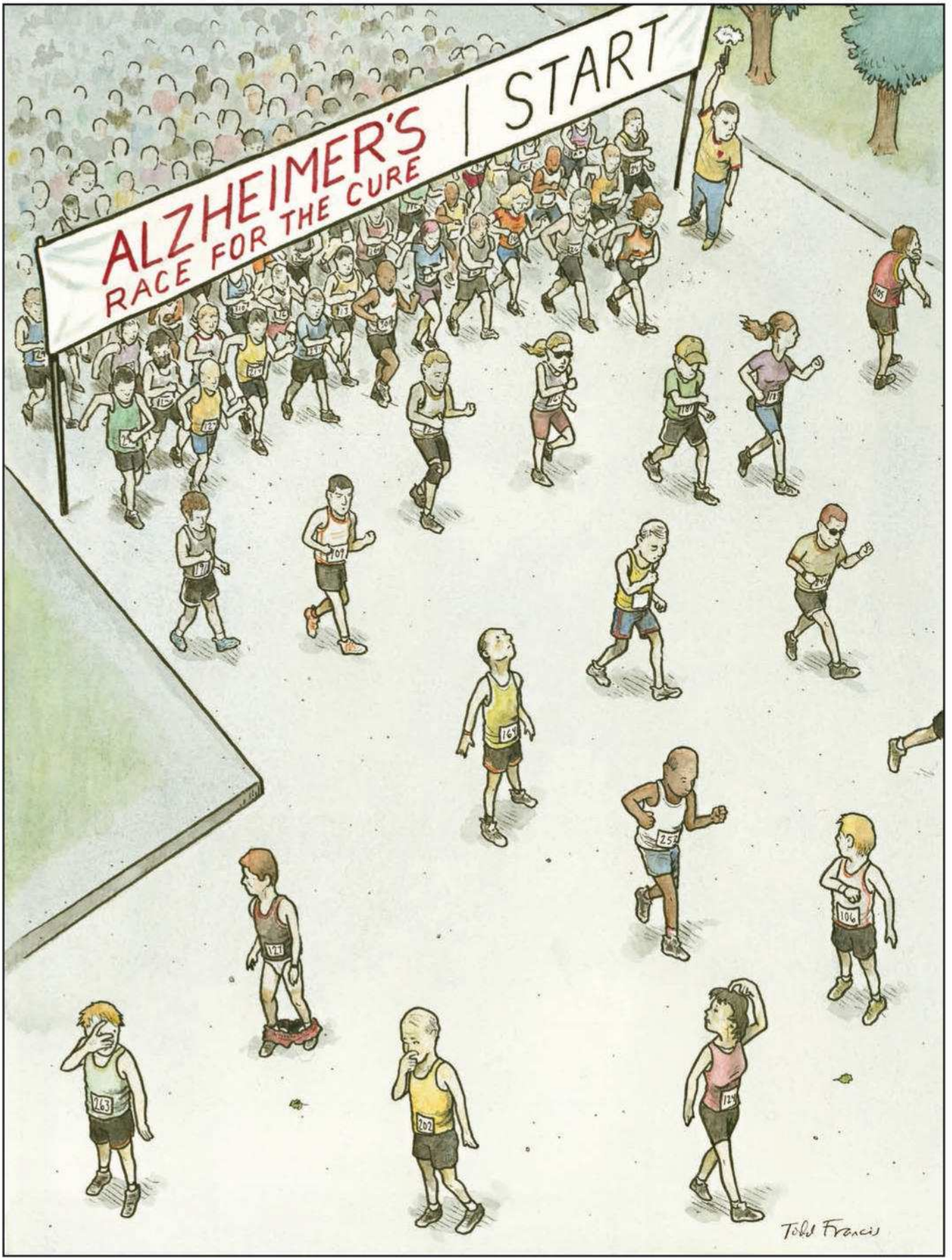
The ability to run faster or farther is enhanced by building up the muscles in your lower body. The same goes for jumping. Think about it. More powerful legs allow you to exert a maximal amount of force in a minimal amount of time. That, my friends, is called explosiveness. And it's the holy grail of athletes everywhere.

Of course, even if you aren't an aspiring Olympian, you have plenty to gain. Squats and lunges fall into the category of functional exercises. They make you better at day-to-day activities like walking, bending, and picking things up. Better still, these very same exercises promote stability in the knees, which will prevent injury.

Takeaway: You can squat your way to more strength and size while reducing the risk of injury and improving mobility, so you'll be ready for anything.

THE FUN PAGE

BY TODD FRANCIS



YOUR TURN

Look after your own needs on Valentine's Day with gadgets that put you first.

By Crispin Boyer



bObi Pet robot vacuum

bObsweep • $850

Scientists predict that artificial intelligence will match human intellect in less than a decade, so take advantage of robot slave labor before the machines become our overlords. This vacuum is both smarter and stronger than your average Roomba. Eighty sensors detect obstacles and ledges, helping it weave around your stuff instead of blindly bouncing off walls and tumbling down stairs. Two heavy-duty brushes whisk pet hair and other detritus into the powerful-but-quiet 11,500-revolutions-per-minute vacuum, while a UV light nukes bacteria, and a built-in HEPA filter cleans the air for visitors with allergies. A wet-mop attachment rounds out the arsenal of dirt-slurping tools.



AC1900 Nighthawk EX7000 Wi-Fi range extender

Netgear • $170

Most Wi-Fi modems/routers supplied by cable companies broadcast wimpy signals that relegate the nether regions of your apartment, house, or dorm floor into internet dead zones. Treat yourself to complete coverage with this range extender: It packs built-in signal amplifiers and it bristles with three antennae that boost your signal throughout your house and even into the back-yard at speeds up to 1,900 bits per second. Unlike some extenders, the Nighthawk is a breeze to get up and running through either push-button Wi-Fi Protected Setup mode or the simple Netgear Genie web app, which lets you monitor signal strength so you can place the unit in the optimal spot for maximum range.



NuForce BE6 headphones

Optoma • $130

Many Bluetooth headphones were designed for durability instead of sound quality. These, however, sound great *and* stand up to abuse. The lightweight aluminum construction and sculpted silicon ear-tips make for a nonobtrusive listening experience, with a 33-yard range; beeping tones let you know when it's time to recharge. Sound quality is on par with high-end wired headphones, with no hisses or pops. And they're splashproof and sweatproof, so you can use them for jogging and the gym if you insist.



Axon Pro smartphone

ZTE USA • $450

It's big, bulky, and built for speed—the muscle car of unlocked Android phones. Although it's crafted of sleek aluminum, it's still one of the heaviest (6.3 ounces) non-"phablet" devices on the market. But under that cool diamond-patterned hood revs a Snapdragon processor with enough horsepower to multitask demanding games while web-browsing and cranking tunes through the included JBL earbuds. This Pro model ships with high-speed compatibility for every carrier, as well as 64 gigs of storage. Movies look amazing on the 5.5-inch high-definition screen, and the 13-megapixel dual-lens camera can record video up to 4K resolution. Keep a firm grip on the slippery shell, though. You do *not* want to drop this thing on your toe.

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GENIUS & GREED

The rise and fall of the innovative Ruxton illustrates why the most pioneering designs often fail—until they're copied. • By Jonathan Ward



This is a story about innovators/dreamers, and the sharks that are often needed to build ideas into empires. Both have important roles in the history of American business and design.

In the Roaring Twenties, right up to the Depression, many new excogitations in auto manufacturing came from renegade inventors and suppliers, not from the big boys themselves. Perhaps that was due to the more conservative structures of the big brands and their concerns for shareholders. Nevertheless, some great ideas from the little guys came to market this way, and sometimes the absence of big-time resources would result in a need for a "money guy." Case in point: the Ruxton automobile.

The Budd Company was originally a metal fabricator responsible for many game-changing ideas in rail cars, aviation, and automobile manufacturing; the company was a pioneer with stainless steel. In 1926, William J. Muller, a development engineer at Budd, decided it would be a good idea to develop a concept car that would promote the benefits of front-wheel-drive-based automobiles. He'd first encountered front-wheel drive in Texas back in 1913, when he witnessed the exceptional handling











When you see a Ruxton, it's easy to imagine heading out to the jazz club on a fine Saturday night, with a bevy of flappers and flasks piled in.

characteristics of a race car called the Gila Monster. Muller was one of the first to realize that this new mechanical layout, which had no need for a driveshaft to distribute power to the rear, would allow for a host of new engineering and design opportunities. Muller convinced his bosses that if they were to build such a vehicle, they stood a good chance of selling the idea to one of the big automotive brands, a deal that would result in big money. Muller was given the approval to move forward with development.

Muller brought in longtime Budd employee Joseph Ledwinka to design the body, while Muller focused on the mechanical engineering. The finished design was far sleeker and lower to the ground (nearly a foot lower!) than anything seen before. With 19-inch wheels, no running boards, and a spacious interior, it was quite novel. The car was introduced by Muller in New York City during the spring of 1929, and it actually had a question mark on its front emblem, implying it was ready for a big-brand partner.

New York City was the ideal location for courting investors, both because the money was there and because design innovations were highly celebrated in the big city. At a time when most motorcars were fairly tall, bulky, and lacking in elegance, the low-slung concept car drew tons of attention. One of the people most excited by this new design was a promoter named Archie Andrews, a well-known financier who was worth around $70 million. He was notorious for buying up the stock of faltering companies, then liquidating the assets. Andrews was on the board of directors at Budd, as well as on the board at Hupp Motor Car Company. Given his position with both companies, he stood to prosper from connecting the dots. Not so fast there, Mr. Andrews! It turned out that Hupp passed on the design.

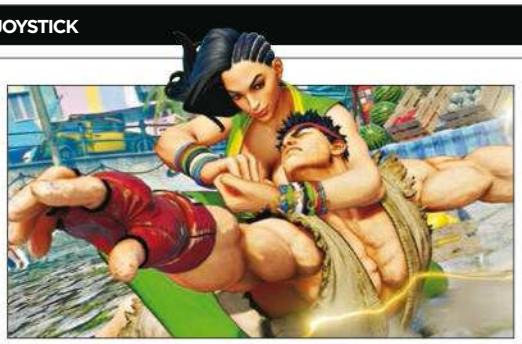
Undeterred, Andrews formed New Era Motors, then seized control of Muller's concept design by strong-arming the second in command at Budd and reneging on his commitment to loan the company $250,000 to develop the car. Next, he stole Muller from Budd, and named him vice president of New Era. In an equally audacious move, he named the car Ruxton (after William V. C. Ruxton, a wealthy investor Andrews hoped to court for capital). Although Ruxton never invested, the name stuck.

While Andrews had successfully leveraged the manufacturing resources of Budd, he was still missing the assembly resources and dealer network, so he manipulated the Moon Motor Car Company into assembling the vehicles. He recruited famed rising-star architect/set designer/illustrator Joseph Urban to design an attention-grabbing color palette and trim package to accent the low-slung body design. Andrews extensively promoted the car in an attempt to sidestep dealers, and even took out a four-page newspaper ad that read, "In all the vocabulary of motordom, there are no nouns or verbs or adjectives to describe this new car."

While Andrews seemed like the man who could get this new business off the ground, his actions proved to be the cause of its rapid undoing within two short years. Turns out that none of his partners were well-equipped to build the cars, and many didn't survive the Depression. These factors resulted in the immediate closure of the Ruxton brand. A mere 96 cars were produced—several of them built by scavengers who raided the failed company and realized that the finished vehicles could be sold for more than the spare parts could.

Of the original 96 in production, only 19 Ruxtons are known to exist today. When I see one, it's easy to imagine heading out to the jazz club on a fine Saturday night, with a bevy of flappers and flasks piled in. The beauty shown here is a 1929 Model C Roadster, chassis number 10C64, originally owned by Andrews' dentist. It's now on display as part of the Los Angeles Petersen Automotive Museum collection.

Ruxton went the way of the Betamax, but the VHS version of the auto industry benefited from the experience. Seven out of ten cars today are front-wheel drive. The early innovators are not often rewarded; rather, those who adopt those innovations enjoy the fruits of the pioneers.





GAME OF THE MONTH

By Crispin Boyer





Street Fighter V

Capcom (PS4, PC)

Chun-Li's thighs, Ken and Ryu's Hurricane Kicks, Cammy's ample backside—the body parts and special moves of the *Street Fighter* games are as iconic to gamers as Mario's mustache and Ms. Pac-Man's bow. But the series' many releases—*Champion* editions, *Special Champion* editions, *Hyper Fighting* editions, *Turbo: Hyper Fighting* editions—are just as legendary for adding paltry features for the cost of a new game. With *Street Fighter V,* developer Capcom is promising an end to the era of cash-in sequels. All post-launch content—including character balancing, additional warriors, and gameplay tweaks—will be available for purchase with "Fight Money" earned from playing the game rather than inputting credit-card info. In other words, picking fights—online or off—will pay off.

In many ways, this sequel isn't much of a departure from the 1991 original that turned arcades into fighting arenas. Despite its mesmerizing 3-D graphics, it's still played on a 2-D plane. And the game still requires the memorization of elaborate joystick-and-button combos. Old-school players who got their MBAs in special moves can revamp their strategies with two power gauges that unleash spectacular attacks. Classic "world warriors" Ken, Ryu, Chun-Li, Vega, Dhalsim, and Cammy return to deliver a "Hadouken" of nostalgia. They're joined by a new roster that will grow throughout the year. Good players will earn all the Fight Money they need to unlock the latest characters, and the best players could earn real cash from the Capcom Pro Tour, a tournament series with $500,000 in prizes.

Game Changers Face-lifts for last holiday's biggest hits



Fallout 4

Bethesda Softworks (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

As if this game of apocalyptic survival weren't sprawling enough, throughout 2016 Bethesda will be releasing an entire game's worth of new plotlines, mutant monsters, and radioactive wastelands to explore. Buy it piecemeal, or get everything for a $30 season pass.



Star Wars: Battlefront

Electronic Arts (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

It was light on planets, battle modes, and gameplay variety, so the fun didn't last long on the battlefields of this galaxy far, far away. Four expansion packs—with four heroes and villains, more than 20 new weapons and vehicles, 16 arenas, and four new modes—extend your *Star Wars* wars. The catch: It'll cost you upward of $50.



WWE 2K16

2K Sports (Xbox One, Xbox 360, PS4, PS3)

Wrestling has seen a surge of new fans, but old-timers will find familiar heroes and heels in this collection of legends—including Big Boss Man, Dusty Rhodes, Mr. Perfect, and the late "Rowdy" Roddy Piper—plus new moves and rivalries in a Hall of Fame showcase mode.

KEEP IT SIMPLE, STUPID

Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how KISS is the right answer when more than one woman will be expecting a date for Valentine's Day.

I don't have a serious girlfriend right now. I've been keeping my relationships casual: I sometimes hook up with one girl from work, I regularly fool around with the receptionist at the gym, and I have an on-again/off-again thing with my college ex. It's actually been working out pretty great. My problem is Valentine's Day. I have a feeling that no matter what I do, I'm going to screw up this delicate balance. Should I buy them each a small gift? Do I pick one girl to take out to dinner? Should I try to squeeze in a brunch and *a dinner? Can I just turn off my phone until February 15?*

Damn, it sounds like you've got a good thing going with that rotation. The last thing you need is this Hallmark holiday cockblocking you. It's important to get this right so you don't wind up going from your choice of three hotties to your right hand.

First off, don't pretend like you don't know it's Valentine's Day—that's a shady move. You can't just ignore this problem and hope it goes away. Your girls will see it as a blow-off, and if there's one thing a woman will never forgive you for, it's not paying attention to her. Even if they don't realize it, they're all expecting *something*.

Don't play the Prince Charming role just because you feel you should, though. If you go overboard with romantic overtures, you might give the impression that things are more serious than either of you are comfortable with. That's just as bad as ignoring her.

You can't be too blasé, either. Don't text your favorite girl "Wanna hang out Sunday?" like it's just a regular lazy day. Try something like, "So, no pressure at all, but I was just wondering if we're doing anything for Valentine's Day on Sunday?" You're acknowledging her and the importance of time spent with her, but without expectations. She could say no. She could say she'd love to. She could say she has plans on Sunday but would love to hang out on Monday instead. This clarifies expectations for everyone.

Should you get her a small gift? Of course you should. But keep it under $30 and focus on being funny. Instead of going to a store to buy flowers or candy, choose something personal and insider-y. (Last V Day, for instance, I gave my girl a Michael Myers doll. It was an inside joke: We met at a Halloween party, and she invited me back to her place to see the seventies movie, but we never got to watch it.) That's a fun, low-pressure way of showing that you care. You can give her flowers if you hand her a solo bloom in person—don't send a whole showy bouquet to her at work. No matter what you do, stay away from jewelry.

Let's be honest: Scheduling is likely to be a problem. Three chicks in one day sounds like real baller shit, but how the hell are you going to pull it off? You can't be at three brunches at once, and you certainly should never attempt any sitcom nonsense where you try to split time among all three chicks in the same bar. If you can't make enough time for your hookups, there's only one option: Bail.

Seriously, leave town and claim you had something else scheduled. Visit your parents. Get tickets to an NBA game. Climb a mountain. Hole up in a hotel room, order pizza, and marathon the *Die Hard* movies. Safely send each woman a cool little gift from a distance, with a nice noncommittal note, like, "Happy Valentine's Day. Thinking of you." Most important, stay the fuck off social media.



ILLUSTRATION BY CELIA CALLE

IN THE MIX



Skip the jigger and measuring spoons. America's top cocktails now come precisely blended in bottles and cans. • By Joshua M. Bernstein

Of my many worldly talents, mixing cocktails ranks rather low. My Manhattans end up woefully miscalculated, my Old Fashioneds overly fruity and badly fashioned.

Still, my second-rate mixology was better than the at-home alternative: premixed cocktails. That long meant packaged jugs of Margarita, Mudslide, and Daiquiri mixes—liquids loaded with preservatives and enough sugar to sate an ant army. Nowadays, the narrative has tipsily shifted. Distilleries are doubling as bartenders, creating ready-to-pour, bar-quality drinks meant for consumption in the comfort of your home.

California's Fluid Dynamics does a range of mixed cocktails, including a dry Martini and Brandy Manhattan, and Jefferson's bottles a barrel-aged Manhattan concocted with its Kentucky bourbon and black-cherry bitters. Wisconsin-based Arty's Legendary Liquors makes a Brandy Old Fashioned, while Boston's Bully Boy Distillers went the whiskey route for its version. "In concept, the Old Fashioned is easy to make, but we've found that they're actually hard to make well," cofounder Dave Willis explained in a release. "It's difficult to achieve that perfect ratio of whiskey, sugar, and bitters."

Another whiskey cocktail receiving the packaged treatment is Rock and Rye. According to lore, its origins stretch to nineteenth-century saloons, when rotgut rye whiskey was made more palatable with rock candy, or rock-candy syrup. By the twentieth century, the concoction had staggered from bar stools to pharmacies. Perhaps goosed with fruit and herbs, the potion was prescribed as a cure for the common cold. A decade ago, Rock and Rye was basically a historical footnote. Now, Brooklyn-based New York Distilling Company makes Mister Katz's Rock & Rye by combining its young whiskey with rock-candy sugar and a flavor charge of cinnamon, citrus, and sour cherries. Elsewhere, Cooper Spirits fashions Hochstadter's Slow & Low Rock & Rye with oranges and raw Pennsylvania honey.

If brown spirits aren't your bag, try selections from Crafthouse Cocktails. Mixologist Charles Joly specializes in bright, refreshing libations containing fruit, herbs, and cane sugar. Try the gingery, vodka-fueled Moscow Mule; Paloma (hello, tequila and grapefruit soda!); and Southside, a gin drink doctored with lime juice and mint. Down in San Diego, Ballast Point—a brewery and distillery—encases its cocktails in aluminum. The quartet of canned libations includes the Fugu Bloody Mary, Old Grove Gin & Tonic, and two cocktails containing Three Sheets rum—one with house-crafted cola, the other with ginger beer.

Call it convenience. Call it laziness. I call premixed cocktails marvelously delicious, taking the pain out of entertaining and of ever, ever making a mixed drink again.

Bully Boy's The Old Fashioned

The Boston-based distillery blends its straight whiskey with muddled raw sugar and a healthy dollop of Angostura bitters. The blend, best over ice with a twist of orange peel, pairs mid-level sweetness with a spicy cinnamon thrum.

Ballast Point's Old Grove Gin & Tonic

Ballast Point crafts this canned cocktail with its juniper-jolted Old Grove gin and tonic that's flavored with cucumber and grapefruit. It's as citrusy as it is refreshing. At just 6.2 percent alcohol by volume, you can sip several cans and not get silly sloshed.

Hochstadter's Slow & Low Rock & Rye

They start with a base of rye whiskey that's aged for eight years, then the spirit is socked with Florida navel oranges, raw honey, bitters, and a bit of rock candy, creating a sharply citrusy sipper that's drier than you might expect.

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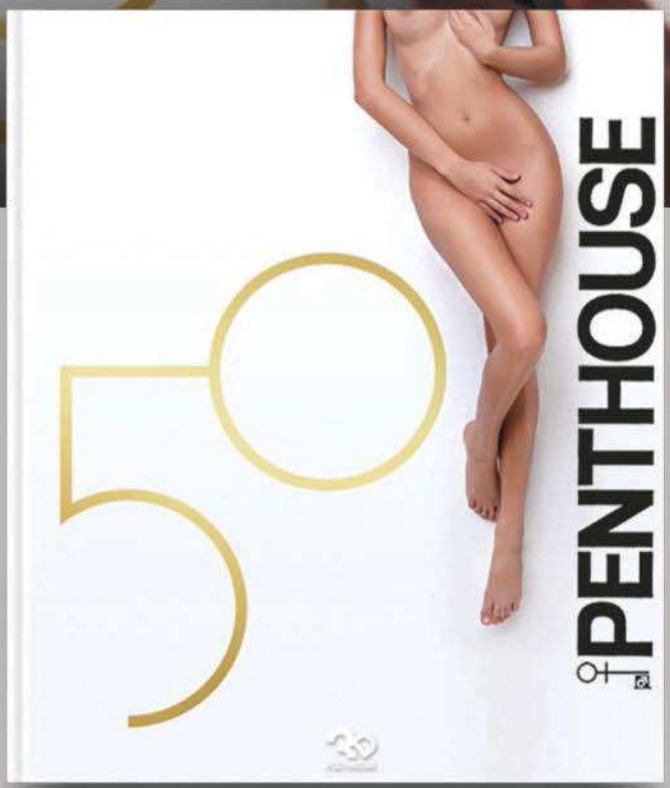
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HARD WIRED FOR SOUND

Grammy winner Stevie J. releases a unique, musically inspired installment of Pop Shots, featuring Penthouse Pets Lexi Belle and Skin Diamond and erotic models Nikki Delano and Abby Lee Brazil.

Photographs by Tommy O. • Interview by Raphie Aronowitz



Stevie J. and his wife, Joseline Hernandez, on the Pop Shots set



Stevie J. has been an award-winning producer, songwriter, and musician for two decades, and over the past five years he's become a fixture on television. He was part of one of reality TV's biggest love triangles, captivating *Love & Hip Hop: Atlanta* viewers with his relationships with ex-girlfriend Mimi Faust (the mother of Stevie's daughter, Eva) and now-wife Joseline Hernandez. He and Joseline are back on the airwaves this month, and Stevie is back to working with his Bad Boy Records collaborators, which means 2016 is already destined to be a hell of a year for the Grammy winner.

You're a tough dude to pin down, Stevie.
Yeah. When I'm in L.A., I've been working on this movie, a romantic comedy called *That Time of the Month,* and I've been in the studio working with various artists. I'm back in it with Puffy, producing again. Doing reality shows and executive producing a lot of television shows. I've just been working and keeping myself busy.

People are buzzing about you getting back in the studio with Puffy.
We sold hundreds of millions of records together, and it's only right that we get back together and make some history. It's Bad Boy Records' 20-year anniversary, and it's only right that we get together and make some more classics.

But you still made time to do this shoot for *Penthouse*.
Nothing beats a *Penthouse* feather in your cap. And with me being creative director of the shoot, it really helps me define what I want to be in this world. Nothing beats being the creative director of beautiful women.

How does that help you define what you want to be in the world?
It's about being creative. That really gets my juices flowing, getting to create something from nothing, just out of thin air. When I'm making music, it's the same thing. When I'm making a beat, it starts off with nothing, but at the end of the day I have to make a masterpiece of it. And I look at that the same way that I looked at creating the ideas for this photo shoot. I wanted this to be something different.



It's loud as fuck over there. Where are you?
I'm in Milwaukee right now. I'm in the mall. I go to the mall in every town I visit to show people that I appreciate the love that they give me. Hold on ... just getting my picture taken.

You know, a lot of people forget about that type of thing when they achieve success.
No. Fuck no. I go to the mall in every city I go to and make sure that I give love back. I see everybody, and I take all the pictures. Without them, I wouldn't be who I am—I don't want them to ever think that I feel differently than that.

Man, it sounds like Milwaukee came out strong to support you.
Yes, they did!

So do we need to stop talking about this photo shoot now?
Not at all. I'm a grown man. Who doesn't like nude, beautiful women?

What is it that makes a woman beautiful to you?
The body parts ... the brain ... the conversation. The way she carries herself. Confidence. Sex appeal. A lot of different attributes make a woman beautiful.

Which body parts?
I can't say one in particular. With some ladies it might be the ass. With some ladies it might be the titties. The lips, the eyes ... the shape of her nose. Different body parts with different ladies.

What's the first thing you notice about a girl?
Is she fully clothed or is she naked?

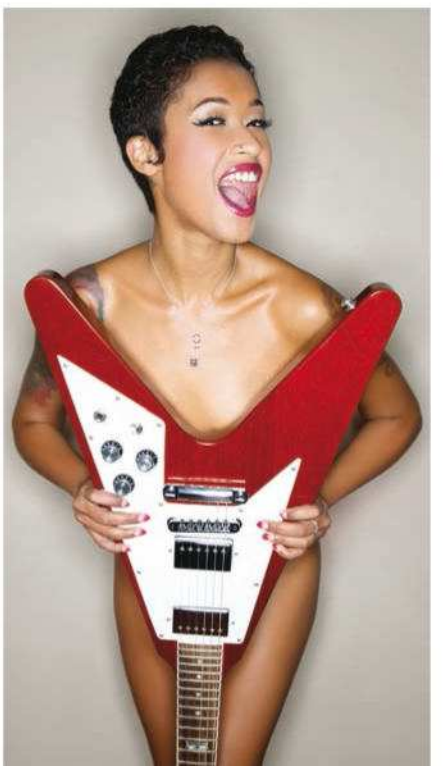
I guess I don't live the same type of life that you do, because if someone asks me that question I'm just assuming she's fully clothed.
Fully clothed, I look at her feet, I look at her hair, and I look at her nails. I make sure that everything is A1 in that department first.

And what if she's naked?
If she's naked, I look at her beautiful breasts and that ass to make sure that's on point.

Is that what you were looking for when you cast Lexi Belle, Skin Diamond, Abby Lee Brazil, and Nikki Delano?













What I was looking for, I got delivered to me. I wasn't trying to find the standard model type. I wanted the Stevie J. type. And I think the models delivered what I was looking for. I chose girls who had a different look than the standard slim, tall model type. I wanted a big joint, a short joint ... I need something to hold on to. Some joint that I'd take for myself.

There was no shortage of variety.
Yeah. If you look at all of them, they all look different. They all have a different type of flavor, and that's what I'm all about. I'm a man who likes different flavors. And I think most men do. Some men say that they have a particular type. Well, they ain't really going hard. Me? I go hard, so I like different flavors. Nobody likes to deal with the same type of look. Even if a man's been married for a long time, he's still looking at different types of chicks because every body is beautiful in its own way. One man finds beauty in a woman that another man might not see.

What about the concept of this shoot? How did that tie into the fantasy?
With me being a musician and playing multiple instruments, I just wanted to portray women as instruments. And if I really look at it, I call all my guitars and my pianos and my



keyboards and drum sets my girlfriends. I call them all my girls. So I see the beauty in women as my instruments, and I wanted to showcase that. If you look at the way the piano is set up and how Skin Diamond is playing the piano and the saxophone ... Skin is my musician in the photos, and the other girls are my instruments. I just wanted to do something totally against the grain, and I've never seen that done before. And I wanted to be the first to do it with *Penthouse*.

And you really got into it.
I wanted to be involved in creating a masterpiece. I didn't want to be sitting back and just looking at the pictures. That's not the way to do this. I wanted to take the pictures with Tommy. Being behind the camera made a lot of sense to me, because I didn't want it to be generic. Being a visual person, it's all kind of the same. When I produce music, I just close my eyes and see what I want to see and envision it before it happens. And it was the same with these pictures. I like being behind the camera, and with all these ladies it really was a nice thing.

I thought for sure you were going to get carried away.
I just wanted it to be tasteful. I didn't want it to be raunchy or anything. I know I could have had the girls busted open, but that really wasn't what I was going for. The only element that had a little more spread to it was the snare drum. I love the drum set. The drum set was really fly. Other than that, I wanted to keep it sexy.

Did you expect Joseline to pop in on-set? She seemed genuinely excited.
She likes beautiful women as well. It's all about those flavors. She likes the flavors. She saw Skin Diamond and the other girls, and she really couldn't say no to being a part of it. She wanted to be a part of what I was doing because she knows how much I got involved in being the creative director of the shoot. It was a great business opportunity and something that was fun for me. There's nothing like working with a magazine that I've grown up looking at. This was a dream come true for me in that respect.







SEE MORE OF POP SHOTS AT **PENTHOUSEPOPSHOTS.COM.**



LET THE WOOKIEES WIN

The Intergalactic Krewe of Chewbacchus is on a quest to save the galaxy ... one drunken nerd at a time.

By C. S. Ellison
Photographs by Chris Granger



It's August in New Orleans. Though the sun is setting, humidity still clings to the skin of sweating parade-goers—but it does nothing to dampen their spirits. Nor does it seem to be mussing the painted skin of two half-dressed Twi'lek dancing girls—one blue, one orange—slithering around an "alien stripper pole" as it glides down the street. Drones hover above the route, taking video footage, while a couple of glittery, rainbow-clad unicorns refill their beers from the Bar2-D2 mobile kegdroid. It's Midsummer Mardi Gras, and during this sneak peek into the 2016 Carnival season, the Intergalactic Krewe of Chewbacchus is giving its fans a taste of what's to come on January 30, when the full parade rolls. If the tough-looking, sexy Space Vikings stepping out on stilts in their antlers and snowy fur are any indication, it's going to be pretty awesome.

This genius mash-up of Chewbacca, the beloved *Star Wars* Wookiee (a great symbol of sci-fi fandom), and Bacchus, the Roman god of wine (both an existing, larger parade and a symbol of revelry), was hatched by cocaptains Kirah Haubrich and Ryan Ballard in 2010. They were later joined by Brett Powers to form a triumvirate of "Overlords" to keep the party organized, fun, and safe. In 2010, the krewe attracted more than 300 BacchanALIENS, including flying spaghetti monsters, mad scientists, Pigs in Space, and scantily clad Orion "green girls" from *Star Trek*. Last year, roughly 1,500 multifarious misfits marched. Talk about an alien invasion. And when membership is only $42 (the number that is the ultimate answer to the Great Question of Life, the Universe, and Everything, according to *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*), compared to the several hundred to thousands of dollars it can cost to join conventional krewes, that invasion is almost assured. Each year, the satirical theme it marches under gets more fun and ridiculous—as do the handmade contraptions and throws (aka booty that krewes throw into the crowd).







THIS GENIUS MASH-UP OF CHEWBACCA, THE BELOVED *STAR WARS* WOOKIEE, AND BACCHUS, THE ROMAN GOD OF WINE, WAS HATCHED IN 2010.

Last year, the Intergalactic Krewe of Chewbacchus became a federally recognized religion. Seriously. Now anyone can become an ordained ChewbacchanALIEN minister under the Cult of the Sacred Drunken Wookiee. At the post-parade Chewbacchanal, 15 chanting couples tied the knot en masse—Powers and his wife among them—as actor Peter Mayhew delivered a bellowing benediction, declaring them all married entities. (In case your nerd cred isn't up to snuff, Mayhew played Chewbacca in the original *Star Wars* trilogy and in *The Force Awakens,* and has served as parade royalty, along with his wife Angie, multiple times; one of his given titles is the Incarnation of the Wookiee on Earth.)

This year, the krewe transforms into an underground secret society: the Chewluminati, bringing about a Nerd World Order. They're printing up $42 bills—ostensibly to serve as vehicles for their powerful cult's secret messages. Krewe members are being encouraged to make throws relating to money, banking, power, the decoding of encrypted messages—anything that capitalizes on conspiracy theories ... the crazier the better. The 2016 parade will add two new contraptions to the krewe's existing stable (alongside the X-wing Trike, the Barship Enterprise, and other human- or electric-powered vehicles)—a rolling Chewluminati pyramid with a video-screen "eye" at the apex, flashing real-time footage and subliminal messages; and a Reptilian DeLorean Pope Mobile. Ballard is even having a leisure suit made of $42-bill fabric commissioned for his parade-day costume. He says, "[Choosing the Chewluminati as a theme is] the next weirdest thing we can do. We declared ourselves a cult and became a real cult. Now we're gonna declare that Chewbacchus is a shadow-government organization controlled by lizard people."

Lizard people who do a shitload of work. Ballard, Powers, Haubrich, and dedicated Chewbacchus subkrewe folk toil on projects, parties, or events year-round—from hopping on the Nerd Nite network (think TED Talks that reek of booze) to Ignition, the three-day Burning Man–style arts and music festival, where they burned a 27-foot wicker Wookiee effigy to raise money for the parade. They even have a nonmarching subkrewe called Charitable Sisters of the Wook, that organizes food drives, clothing drives, and a Little Free Library. Now that they're a nonprofit, there's even more planned on the good-works end. But their original mission was their ultimate good deed. Says Ballard, "We got the nonprofit status based on the parade mission of bringing Mardi Gras to the disenfranchised, nerdy, socially awkward.... That's a legit mission." He adds with a signature dose of self-directed ribbing, "It's an 'underserved population'—it's fucking *nerds*! Someone has to take them for a walk around the block and get 'em drunk!"

Chewbacchus has claimed its place in the Mardi Gras tradition of lampooning society at large by focusing on the comic book–reading, *Dungeons & Dragons*–playing, sci-fi- and fantasy-watching set. "Our satire is of the nerd culture," says Powers. "We're making fun of ourselves.... It's satire wrapped inside a parody—it's an onion." And within that onion, vulgarity and bawdiness are free to play. The small, specialized groups called subkrewes take full advantage with names like P.U.E.W.C. (People for the inclusion of Unicorns, Elves, and Whinebots in Chewbacchus—the fantasy and cosplay krewe) and K.R.A.P. (Krewe of Really Awesome Parodies). More than 100 subkrewes are signed up this year, ranging from Krewe du Who (a Dr. Who–themed group that has spawned its own sci-fi convention

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called NOLA Time Fest) to the VaJarjar Binks and the Scruffy Looking Nerf Herders Dance Team to a legion of majorettes (of both genders) in hair buns and white turtleneck dresses called the Leijorettes. There's even a subkrewe for kids called Ewokus.

Most subkrewe members aren't crafty by nature, but something—some may call it "the Force"—inspires them, and they sew, hot glue, and create badass toys and trinkets to hand out along the route, per Mardi Gras tradition. As Haubrich puts it, "It's not just access to Mardi Gras [that Chewbacchus gives its members]; I think it's also access to creativity.... We see a lot of people who suddenly realize, *Oh, yeah, I* can *do that!*"

And what they've done is make stuff that would turn on the heartlight of anybody's inner nerd. In previous years, the crowd has netted everything from fuzzy Chewbacca beer koozies to enamel E.T. necklace charms, light-up Roswell alien-head magnets, and Tardis bean bags. To commemorate their new cult status in 2015, some subkrewes put together pocket shrines to the Sacred Drunken Wookiee made out of Altoids tins. But the granddaddy of throws in any Chewbacchus parade is the bandolier—Chewbacca's only piece of clothing: his signature ammunition strap. The Chewbacchus version consists of colorful blocks, decorated with anything from action figures to circuitry, affixed along a length of burlap or furry fabric. Getting one of these from the Chewbacchus parade is like getting the famous hand-decorated coconut from the Zulu parade, which is a more unique throw than most krewes toss.

And this is one of the few parades an average nerd could actually march in—even if you don't live in New Orleans, even if you're not rolling in dough, even if you don't "know somebody." As of now, there's no membership waiting list and there are no hoops to jump through. So, spend $42 to walk through the streets of a great city with a crew of misfits who are obsessed with cults, secret societies, satire, vulgarity, and having a good time? We can get down with that.

WANNA BE A ROOKIE WOOKIEE?

A guide to your Chewbacchus maiden voyage

- Plan to come for at least a long weekend. Tons of parades are happening within a few days of this one. Chewbacchus rolls on Saturday, January 30, 2016, at 6 P.M. Check Chewbacchus.org to find the exact starting point and other parade-specific info.
- Join the krewe in order to march in the parade, drink free from the Bar2-D2 and the Barship Enterprise, and get into the Chewbacchanal post-parade ball for free. All that for only $42 (the answer to Life, the Universe, and Everything).
- Find and contact a subkrewe to join (Chewbacchus.org/join-the-krewe/ways-to-play), make your own subkrewe and run it by the Overlords, or march on your own.
- Make a costume and throws. Check out the Facebook group "Chew It Til You're Satisfied (Whatever It Is)" for tips.
- Study up on parade FAQs. (Chewbacchus.org/the-guide/parade-faq)
- Follow Powers's rule of Handle Your Shit: Eat a sandwich, drink water, don't get wasted. Carry your own trash; don't leave any on the street. Wear a weatherproof costume and comfortable shoes. Don't carry too many throws. Pace your throws, don't hand them out all at once. You may be walking up to three miles along the route.
- *Lagniappe:* Become an ordained ChewbacchanALIEN minister. (Chewbacchus.org/join-the-krewe/chewbacchanalien-minister)

WAYS TO SUPPORT THE KREWE

- Buy the Chewbacchus Benefit Album on iTunes. With tracks like "The Drunken Nerd Blues," it's worth every penny of the $9.99 price tag.
- There's not a being in the galaxy that doesn't like cash. Donate through Chewbacchus.org.
- Get a lifetime membership—only $420.
- Donate old sci-fi or fantasy books (or funds) to the Chewbacchus Little Free Library.
- Buy a T-shirt or beer mug.



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MANDY-LYN

Since the earliest days of *Penthouse* magazine, we've celebrated the female form and showcased the work of up-and-coming erotic photographers.

Mandy-Lyn is a 26-year-old analog photographer and film-maker from East Vancouver, Canada, who began taking photos with disposable cameras at the age of eight. She hasn't put down her camera since. While being raised on the road by her father, a touring rock musician, she developed a passion for rock 'n' roll. She spent five years as the resident vinyl deejay at Vancouver's Waldorf Hotel, where she garnered the nick-name "the Wild Child."

Mandy-Lyn has forged a full-time career with her creative work, and in the past three years has visually collaborated with such international brands as Altamont, HUF Worldwide, and Vans. Her 35mm photos have been featured in magazines from *Vice* and *Nerve* to *Vogue Italia*. You'll find her photos and videos at Mandy-Lyn.com and Instagram/@mandylyn.



The "Dréa and the Wolf" series

When did you see your first issue of *Penthouse*? What do you remember about it?
It was when I was a kid. It was an early seventies issue with a beautiful blonde on the front in a tight white tank top. I thought then it was Sharon Tate. I went looking for the Sharon Tate *Penthouse* as an adult and found I'd confused her with a Swedish model.



The "Dréa and the Wolf" series

Do you feel as if seeing the images in *Penthouse* has impacted your own work?
Without a doubt. Bob Guccione is one of my all-time favorites. His nudes were so cool, so intimate, and very rock 'n' roll. Every girl seemed unique and so sure of herself and her body. That combination and what it can give to a person, man or woman, is next-level.

How did you develop your photographic style?
I had a pretty unique child-hood. My dad was in a band, and my mother was in the adult-film industry. They both had a very open policy with me; they didn't try to hide things. Instead, and probably in part because they were young, they both invested a huge amount of energy into educating me about what they loved. That went from the Velvet Underground to Russ Meyer movies. Early fetish photographers like Elmer Batters, Bunny Yeager's photos of Bettie Page—who always looked so cool and confident compared to other models—and Bob Guccione, who I think was the greatest of them all, inspired me to look for something different ... and to shoot film. Guccione showed a much more empowered side of female sexuality. There was no physical shame, no hiding, just play. The girls looked much less like fantasy mannequins, and much more like complex, unique women. I found that sexier. I think Guccione believed that who a woman is inside, a woman's identity, is the basis of her sexiness. And he brought you into his fantasies with that. I always thought that was a wonderful thing to share with people, to be able to elicit "the look" from such incredible girls.



The "Joy Ride" series



The "Wild One" series

Where do you stand on the issue of digital versus film?



The "Wild One" series

"I think Bob Guccione believed that who a woman is inside ... is the basis of her sexiness. And he brought you into his fantasies.... I always thought that was a wonderful thing to share with people."

There's no debate that film is a whole lot less cost-effective than digital, and so I've tried going digital, believe me. I just don't get the same feel out of it; it's as if I have a much harder time capturing the "feel" of a moment. For me, nothing compares to film.

What do you want viewers to take away from your work?
I hope that people look hard and feel good after.

What makes a good photo stand out?
Soul, I guess. Humanity, personality. Visual language is all vibes.

Are there clichés in photography that you try to avoid?
I always thought it was interesting that one person could take a photo of something and it would work, but someone else would go for the same shot and miss the mark entirely. I've looked at it all sorts of ways, and I think that, basically, if you're doing something for the wrong reason, it shows one way or another. If you really love something, really respect what you're shooting, that shows, too. To me, a cliché in modern photography would be inauthenticity, fakeness.

Name three things you can't live without.
Rock 'n' roll, cartoons, and my camera. And my little dog, Stooge.



The "Joy Ride" series



The "Wild One" series



The "Dréa and the Wolf" series



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the VA continue to stumble, most recently evidenced by the resignation of Allison Hickey, an undersecretary connected in an inspector-general report to the misuse of taxpayer money and potential data manipulation. The disability-claim backlog now being less than 74,000 applicants is actually a talking point for VA public-affairs goons, which is a Goddamn disgrace; that the backlog was allowed to crest at more than 600,000 a few years ago is even more of a disgrace.

The VA is overwhelmed, and overwhelmed by an underwhelming amount of the vets' population—enrollment in the VA is somehow not a mandatory part of the separation process when one leaves the military, and only about 50 percent or so of Iraq and Afghanistan vets are even in the system. Can you imagine the horror show if everyone who'd borne the battle was actually utilizing the benefits and services they've rightfully earned? The country would be broke. (Well, *more* broke. But I digress.)

Haiti, but no one can go full-throttle all day, every day. Hunt ended up taking his own life in 2011. Then, this, from *Charlie Mike:* "A few weeks later, Susan Selke [Hunt's mother] received a letter from the Department of Veterans Affairs addressed to Clay. She could barely handle it; it seemed radioactive. She struggled to open it and then read: Clay's claim had finally been processed, after two years of trying. He had received a 100 percent disability rating for post-traumatic stress disorder."

What a loss. What a tragedy. What a fucking failure. "To care for him who shall have borne the battle," my pale Irish ass.

So what now? For all its faults, the VA offers vital services to hundreds of thousands of veterans, of various generations and conflicts. It's a literal and figurative lifeline, and replacing it or scrapping the thing entirely is as reckless an idea as it is dangerous. It must be reformed and bolstered, and reformed and bolstered from the inside out.

Measures like the Clay Hunt Suicide Prevention for American Veterans Act are signs of small, but tangible, progress. The bill, which was passed by Congress in early 2015, aims to "reduce military and veteran suicides and improve access to quality mental-health care." Working toward those goals will involve an outreach program focused on peer support, a pilot program that repays the loan debt of psychiatry students in order to get better mental-health talent in the VA ranks, and instituting an annual evaluation of established mental-health and suicide-prevention programs already in place. It's not enough, and it's not everything. But it's something.

Window dressing, you say? Not if it prevents another Clay Hunt situation from happening. Of course, not even a perfect VA could save them all. Only a definite and legitimate end to foreign wars would do that, and that's not on America's horizon any time soon.

Ongoing reform efforts within the VA continue to stumble. Allison Hickey was connected in an inspector-general report to the misuse of taxpayer money and potential data manipulation.

And then there are stories like Clay Hunt's. As detailed in Joe Klein's recent book *Charlie Mike*—and of course in these pages—Hunt, a Marine veteran of both Iraq and Afghanistan who served as a scout sniper and was a well-known advocate in the veterans space, had struggled with post-traumatic stress after returning home. The bureaucratic red tape he encountered at the VA, and the doctors' tendency to throw different mixtures of pill prescriptions at him in lieu of more concrete treatment, did nothing but amplify the effects of PTSD. The black spiral Hunt fell into would be alien territory to most Americans, but it's all too familiar to friends and family members of anyone who's suffered from post-traumatic stress (combat-related or otherwise).

Hunt tried going back to school on the GI Bill, but it didn't stick. He found temporary relief in community service and disaster-relief efforts in

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BABE OF THE DAY



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SWEET TEMPTATION

We defy anyone to come up with a model who captures the sizzle and sensuality of Valentine's Day with as much breathtaking ease as Darcie Dolce, our February Pet of the Month. The model/deejay is both sweet and sultry, and that sex appeal is wrapped up in a gorgeous face and heart-stopping curves.

Photographs by Tommy O.


FOREVER



LATEX BRA, PANTY, AND GARTERS BY JANE DOE LATEX.







"I love music, and I have a blast when I play live. Once, I played topless for a Halloween party. That's the most daring thing I've ever done!"

LATEX DRESS AND RIDING CROP FROM SYREN LATEX BY THE STOCKROOM.


"My ideal man is a hustler with a loving sense of humor and a sexy face. Then he should take me on my ideal date: sushi, drinks, and great sex."







BIKER JACKET (ABOVE) FROM STYLEN LATEX BY THESTOREOFROU







SYREN LATEX (TOP LEFT) BY THE STOCKROOM. MAKEUP BY MELISSA MURPHY AND ROBERTO SOTELLO


"I'm always up for a beach day. And maybe one of these days that will lead to fulfilling my biggest fantasy: sex on the beach."



"I love my life. I have great parents, and I'm in an amazing relationship. And now I'm a Penthouse Pet! I can't imagine being much happier."

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DARCIE DOLCE **FEBRUARY 2016 PET OF THE MONTH**



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DARCIE DOLCE **FEBRUARY 2016 PET OF THE MONTH**









Vital stats:
32DD-24-35; 5′2″
23 years old

Hometown:
Folsom, California.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:
I love the landscape, and my family lives there.

If you could live anywhere, it would be:
Hawaii. It's paradise!

Your favorite vacation spot:
Lake Tahoe. I love being in the wilderness, as long as I'm in a cozy cabin.

Your dream vacation spot:
Tahiti.

What do you do in your spare time?
Deejay, hike, and travel.

Your favorite TV show:
Two and a Half Men.

Your favorite movie:
This Is 40.

What movie has the hottest sex scene?
Either *The Notebook* or *Wild Things*.

Your favorite kind of music:
House music and rock.

Your favorite way to work out:
Hiking, swimming, or weights.

Your favorite way to relax:
A hot shower followed by a good movie.

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Dan Smith Presents

BACK IN A FLASH

Tattoos now permeate mainstream culture completely, but let's not lose sight of the medium's history.



Artist: Chris Stuart
Tattooing for: 18 years
Shop: Made to Last Tattoo, in Charlotte, North Carolina
Instagram: @chrisxempire
Email: chris@chrisstuarttattooing.com

When did you first know you wanted to be a tattooer, and what would you say influenced that decision?
After getting my first tattoo 22 years ago, I developed a strong desire to learn more about it, and I started getting tattoos pretty frequently. My uncle took me to get my first tattoo, and years later he got the first tattoo I ever did.

When and where did you get your start?
I eventually started tattooing for Randy Herring after he gave me my first tattoo. I continued visiting his shop over the next four years, and it became like my second home. Randy knew I had been doing a few tattoos out of my house, kitchen-wizard style. I'd hang out and hand-make everyone's stencils on my days off from my printing and graphics job. My girlfriend had bought me a Joe Kaplan kit for Christmas, so I asked Randy for a job. Maybe I'd hung out to the point of annoying him, but he told me to just bring someone in and do a tattoo in front of him, since I thought I had experience. The girl who'd bought me the kit agreed to it, so I did a traditional set of cherries on her that, honestly, seemed like it took all day to do. The next day, I put in my notice at my job, and they actually mocked me, saying, "*You're* going to be a tattooer?"

Randy taught me a lot about the fundamentals, and how to put in a clean, solid tattoo. I was lucky enough to work with some great tattooers from the start, including Rodney Raines, who taught me immensely along the way. As I traveled to conventions and shops, collecting tattoos became a great part of my apprenticeship. I paid attention to every little step every tattooer made. I tried new things and blended what I had learned to make myself better. I imagine this is what every apprentice feels before they step into the reality of their craft, but I remember feeling relieved when I quit working for Randy. I was so frustrated at having to work so many hours, tattoo anything and everything, make stencils by hand, and breathe in solder and flux once a week while making needles. I realized years later that without that start, I would have nowhere near the respect I do for this career, or for Randy for being the man who gave me a chance.

Would you say you have a specific style?
For many years I was classified a traditional Americana tattooer, mainly at conventions, since that's what I was winning awards for. But I have always tattooed anything and everything. There are a few styles that I prefer not to do, and I refer those clients to someone who can make them happy. I think being as versatile as possible keeps things fresh, and prevents burnout.

What are your thoughts on the diverse styles that are out there, and where do you see the next ten years going?
Of the styles that are becoming crazy trends, some are pretty















Stuart's source material (top left) by Sailor Jerry, provided by Lucky's Tattoo Museum

impressive, and some will keep the laser-removal companies busy for years. Seeing so many styles without any sort of black foundation is wild to me. I appreciate the artistic side of certain styles, but without black, a tattoo will not stand the test of time. I think we'll see some next-level talent coming up over the next ten years, which will keep the old-timers from my era on our toes. New talent is a source of inspiration and motivation if you let it be.

Tell me about the image that you selected for this project and your approach to interpreting it.
I chose a gypsy girl with a snake and dagger, originally painted by Sailor Jerry. I have tattooed many Sailor Jerry images over the span of my career, and this was one I really wanted to do.

I didn't really change much at all. To me, Sailor Jerry images are more refined and cleaned up in terms of traditional Americana. That's one reason why I really enjoy working from them. I always clean things up if I need to, but if it isn't broke, why fix it?

The art of tattoo flash is the backbone of tattooing. Why do you think it's so timeless and appealing to people?
For many people, it's their first experience with getting a tattoo. Maybe it seems less intimidating to see choices and possibilities, or to use it to mold your own ideas. It's nice to see younger collectors interested in hand-painted flash or pre-drawn images.

Do you think flash will be phased out due to modern innovation?
I don't know that flash could ever be phased out completely, and you can probably say that internet search images are the "new" flash. There will always be tattoo collectors who love the traditional "pick it and stick it." A lot of the younger tattooers seem to be into painting flash and filling up their shops with it. I really enjoy seeing that, and I appreciate the hard work and time it takes to create original art.

How important is celebrating the history of tattooing to you?
It's extremely important to me to celebrate tattooing and carry on what I've learned from those before me. Tattooing has given me such a wonderful life, and I owe those who made it what it is today. I believe it's too easy to become a tattooer today, or, should I say, to become someone who does tattoos. There *is* a difference. The groundbreaking tattooers worked hard for every single tattoo. They made the needles, built the machines, and drew without internet searches. They had respect both for those before them and for the art and the time many put in to advance the craft. I feel that respect slowly going out of it. I hope I'm wrong.

What do you think of when looking at old flash or tattoos?
I'm always curious if there's a great or funny story behind a tattoo or old flash. I love sitting around and hearing stories about classic tattoos and the events that surrounded them. The era of the nineties has relevance for me, as that's when I started. I owned every tattoo magazine I could get my hands on. I went to so many conventions during that time to get work by those I looked up to, and to have a chance to pick their brains.

Does old flash have any relevance to your own work?
I pull from as many eras as I can. I like to mix things up, because I don't want to stay stuck on one look.

You've spent your entire career in North Carolina, and recently opened your first shop. Tell us about that process, and what's important for someone receiving a tattoo at your shop.
I'm still in the process of opening Made to Last. I've already had to jump through some hoops, but it's been a dream for a long time, and nothing worthwhile comes easy. It will be me and my partner, Matt "Skinny" Bagwell, who currently works at Kings Avenue in New York City. We plan to build a solid crew, with artists who have the same goal as we do: to provide a high-end studio with a very relaxed but professional vibe.

The popularity of tattooing has created a more diverse clientele. We want a comfortable environment for everyone. Most people remember their interaction with the tattooer, rather than the tattoo process itself. My plan is to have many of the friends I've been very fortunate to make while traveling around the world come to work as guest artists. That would be a great thing for North Carolina, as it already has an amazing tattoo scene. I want to give my clients and friends a chance to get work done by tattooers from around the world who they may not be able to connect with easily. At the end of the day, we want everyone to be 100 percent satisfied with the whole experience.

ORIGINAL FLASH COURTESY OF LUCKY'S TATTOO MUSEUM











WHEN LUST IS A SIN

Danica Dillon learned of her role in one of reality TV's biggest scandals when a fan emailed to say Dillon had just been on TMZ. Until then, the name Josh Duggar meant almost nothing to her.

By Jennifer Peters

Even after the Josh Duggar molestation scandal broke, people were still surprised by reports that the 27-year-old—one of the stars of TLC network's show *19 Kids and Counting,* and at the time the executive director of FRC Action, the lobbying arm of the conservative Family Research Council—paid to have sex with a stripper/porn star. But no one was more surprised than Danica Dillon, the porn star in question, who hadn't recognized him. Dillon says, "I just woke up to it. It slapped me in the face." She tells us that she'd heard of the family's show, but until she found herself at the center of Josh Duggar's epic scandal—which expanded to include stories about a sexual encounter with a second porn star and an account on AshleyMadison.com, as well as a stint in "faith-based" rehab for sex addiction—she'd never given anyone in the family much thought.

Josh Duggar, it turned out, had thought quite a bit of Dillon. Not that we're surprised. Dillon has starred in more than 150 X-rated scenes since breaking into the business in 2009, and in 2011 was nominated for AVN's Best New Starlet award. Among her many fans is porn superstar Jenna Haze, who's the person who suggested Dillon check out the adult industry after spotting the younger woman waitressing at a club where Haze was feature dancing. "Jenna Haze said I was so cute," Dillon says of her serendipitous meeting with the star.

It makes sense, then, that when Duggar first approached her, it was as a fan. Dillon was feature dancing at a gentlemen's club outside Philadelphia in March 2015 at the time. "He was creepy," she says, "but I figured he was just a regular creepy guy." Though a bit weirded out by the stranger, she gave him little thought as she took the stage and performed. She noticed him again when she took time to sign autographs and take photos with fans, but felt no threat.

That's when Duggar made his approach. "He asked what it would take to go home with me," she says about his come-on. Not interested, she shot him down, but he continued to ask as the night went on. Eventually, curious about what he'd be willing to offer, she suggested a gift of $1,500. He agreed immediately, and she told him to meet her at her hotel later that night, after she'd had some time to settle in. "I wasn't really doing anything else," she tells us. "Who doesn't enjoy hooking up once in a while? And the extra cash didn't hurt."

Though it wasn't the first time Dillon had accepted such "gifts" for her time, she says it was the first time it felt like a business transaction. Usually, she would "just hang out with someone, and the guy would gift me things as we went," she says.

When he showed up at the hotel, Duggar was not at all interested in the usual foreplay. "Josh walked in and demanded I get naked and then get down on my knees, and he started getting super-rough with me," Dillon says. He told her she was "worthless" and called her a "piece of shit," a "dirty whore," and a "slut." Then, moving past dirty talk, he told her, "Choke on my cock," as he forced her to suck him off, pushing his dick in so far that, Dillon says, "I almost couldn't breathe."

Duggar followed that with picking Dillon up and throwing her on the bed. "He pinned me down and pushed my face into the bed," she tells us, "almost as if he were trying to suffocate me. It walked a very fine line. He started pulling my hair and having sex with me as hard as he could. That went on for more than an hour and a half. At one point, he grabbed my face, pinched my lips together, and spit on my mouth. Then he wrapped his hands around my neck, grabbed my hair as hard as he could, and flipped me over back to doggie."

Dillon says it was like triple-X porn, but harder. "I've done some pretty hard-core porn—slapping, choking, spitting—but nothing like this," she says. "People who play Hitler aren't really Hitler. Even when I shoot a scene having rough sex, it's not like I'm actually getting abused.... When I go to work, there's a switch I turn on and off. I know more or less to separate my





personal feelings from my work feelings." With Duggar, that wasn't possible. "I was scared that if I stopped him, something worse would happen," she explains.

When he was finally done, he acted as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. "He threw some money on the dresser, said good-bye, and left," she says. She considered going to the cops, but because she'd been paid she worried what would happen to her, or if the cops would even believe she'd been assaulted. Instead, she tried to forget the encounter. (Side note: When she counted the money, she discovered he'd given her only $1,000.)

A month later, Duggar was back.

Dillon was dancing near Philly again when he made another appearance. Though she was taken aback, she was too afraid to tell anyone what he'd done to her, so she merely asked the bouncer to keep an eye on him. After her show, Duggar approached her to buy some DVDs and photos—and to apologize. "He said he was sorry, and that because of the scenes I'd done, he thought it would be okay," she says. "He told me he got carried away." She responded by telling him "he'd scared the shit out of me."

He offered her a $1,500 gift to spend the night with him again, and Dillon, feeling that he'd meant his apology, accepted. "I look back now, and it was probably a stupid decision, but at the time, he seemed very sincere," she explains. "[An ex of mine] shares a lot of characteristics with Josh. He was physically abusive—he'd beat the crap out of me, with my son standing there, but the next day he'd be fine. When he'd apologize, he'd mean it. And Josh was like that, too. When he apologized to me, I was pretty sure he meant it."

Though their second encounter ended up being much quicker than the first, Dillon had her phone predialed to 9-1-1 and hidden under her pillow, just in case. But Duggar was much gentler, physically, the second time around. "He kissed me, grabbed my hair, lay me on the bed, and started to get passionate," Dillon says. "Then the verbal abuse started." He called her a "dirty slut" and a "whore" again, and got "superfreaky." But it was over fast, and after giving her the cash he'd promised her and telling her he was her biggest fan, he was gone.

Afterward, Dillon again tried to block the memory, compartmentalizing it and pushing it out of her mind

DILLON WONDERED **HOW MANY OTHER GIRLS DUGGAR HAD ABUSED**—AND HOW MANY STORIES LIKE HERS HIS FAMILY HAD HELPED COVER UP.

to focus on her day-to-day life.

In August, that plan fell apart. She was being shown on TV, and she was getting texts, tweets, and emails about her role in the Duggar scandal—something she knew nothing about. She says, "A fan emailed me to ask what it felt like to be famous, and I was like, 'I'm just an ordinary person, what are you talking about?' They wrote back and told me, 'Oh no, you're on TMZ and Radar. You're all over the TV.' "

"I Googled myself. That's how I found out who he was. And my first reaction was, *Fuck my life.*" It wasn't until later, as the news settled in, that it hit her what a shit storm she'd landed in. A story on Radar Online called her Duggar's mistress; she says, "I started to freak out. I didn't want people to think I was some home wrecker when he'd abused me so much. I didn't want my name attached to stories about such a monster."

Dillon says she wondered how many other girls Duggar had abused—and how many stories like hers his family had helped him cover up. "What went through my head was that the youngest girl he'd fondled was five, and that his daughter is the same age." Since Dillon has kids herself, that thought hit her the hardest.

As the revelations of the scandal spread, Dillon found herself the target of some vile hatred, including people "saying I should die." Someone approached her in the grocery store and asked if she was "that porn star who sells herself," and asked how much she cost. Though it horrified Dillon, she took it in stride. "Everyone sells themselves—just for different things, and different costs," she says.

There's also been an outpouring of support, particularly from those whom Duggar attacked in his lobbyist role; he was the face of FRC Action's fight to defend "traditional values." Dillon tells us, "Lots of gay and trans fans were thrilled with me for outing [the Duggars'] sins." Even Dillon's father, with whom she's had an admittedly difficult relationship, offered his support after he saw the story on television. "He called and asked if I was okay," she says. "He told me, 'I'm here for you and I support you.' "

With the hate and the love piling up at her electronic doorstep, Dillon decided she needed to tell her side of the story. But it wasn't easy. "I have a bald spot now because of stress," she says. "I've been on anxiety medication and seeking counseling. I've suffered depression and felt weak. I would get angry and shut down." Since the story broke, Dillon hasn't worked much. "Mentally, it messed with me, to the point where I stopped working.... I don't want to quit porn. I love porn. I love sex. I just need to get over this hump." (In November, Dillon filed a lawsuit asking for $500,000 in damages.)





Revelations about Josh molesting young girls when he was a teenager were the first blow; the fact that his parents hid those facts was hit No. 2; Josh's infidelity delivered the Duggar trifecta.



In the meantime, she's gotten mainstream offers, and she's currently in talks to star in a reality show about her life, where "people will get to see me as a person and not just a robot who goes to work and has sex." She's also hoping to use her newfound fame to bring attention to the problem of domestic abuse and sexual assault. "[An ex of mine] beat the crap out of me, and I didn't do anything about it," she explains. "But now I'm in a place to speak out and maybe help other people. Though it's been traumatic for me, I know it's been worse for other people, and I have the avenue to do something about that now.

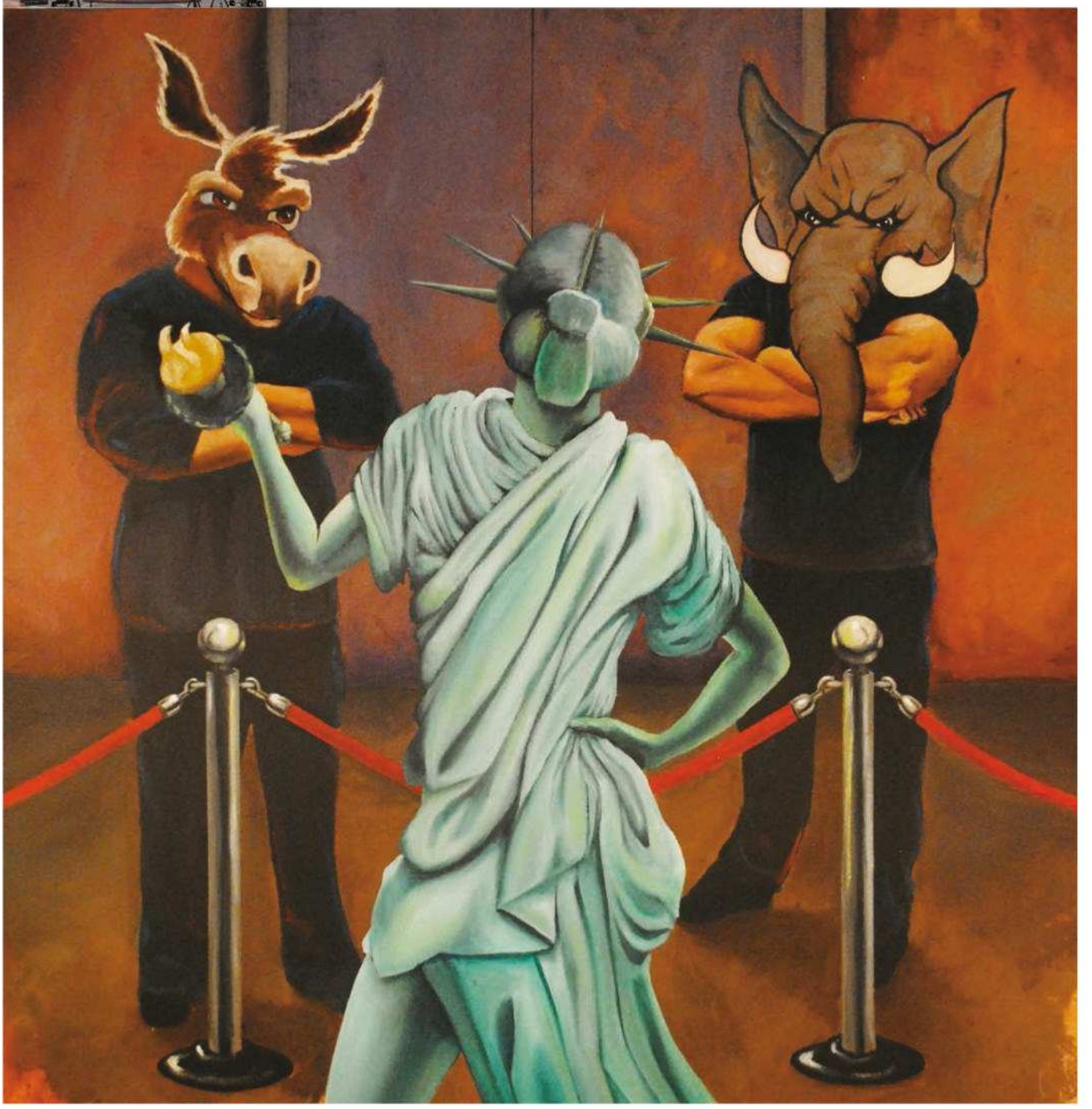
"Just because I do porn doesn't make it okay for people to hurt me," Dillon adds. "And just because I do porn, that doesn't mean I don't have a heart."

To see Danica Dillon's scenes and galleries for Penthouse, go to Penthouse.com.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (LEFT) BRIAN FRANK/REUTERS/CORBIS


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A Third Party? Haven't We Partied Enough?

Let's all contemplate how adding a third party to the debate would simplify the nation's political discourse. Hint: It wouldn't.

By Steve Faber

As of late, I've heard a great deal in Washingwood about forming a third party. Dissatisfaction reigns supreme with both Democrats and Republicans, although, in all honesty, what precisely people remain dissatisfied with is a bit scattered: some of this, a touch of that. One hears words and phrases: immigrants, refugees, illegal immigrants, dangerous refugees, big beautiful border walls with golden doors (which apparently will remain closed), millionaires, billionaires, gazillionaires, Obamacare, terrorism, security, privacy, gun rights, gun wrongs, gay marriage, straight marriage, which lives matter, what lives matter, where they matter and why, Wall Street, Main Street, and on and on. All of it is vomited up in an incoherent mess. Think of it as a sort of reactionary Occupy Everything movement. Ostensibly, a third party would address and ameliorate the problems these words and phrases suggest. Simplify things.

Washingwood is where the politicians of Washington—their public personae, public whoring, and exploitation of the bits and pieces mentioned above, utilizing Hollywood and Hollywood PR machines—created this hellish political smoothie in which we find ourselves. Don't get me wrong: Washingwood loves a good party. We've had two of them, by and large, with a few minor exceptions, for our entire history. The Republicans are probably throwing the best party this election cycle, what with (1) a reality-TV star; (2) a soft-spoken and nearly incoherent neurosurgeon; (3) a senator from Kentucky who believes we still live in a confederation of states and treats the Constitution, a 216-year-old piece of parchment, like a sliver of the Cross, a religious relic; (4) another senator who sweats far too much and looks like he's 14 years old; and (5) a man who believes he was born to the manor by virtue of his father, brother, and last name (although the manor doesn't seem to want any more of that neo-Freudian cage match). There are more Republicans, too many to list here, so we'll see.

The Democrats are engaged in a coronation of a Clinton, hopefully before the FBI finds (should it find) she used a private server to engage in activities considered illegal as they pertain to … private servers? (And while I still am not quite certain what a private server is, a part of me would like one, while another part of me wonders if it would take up too much space.) Should there be a catastrophe for Hillary Clinton, there's Bernie Sanders standing in the wings. Democratic socialism is a relatively simple concept: You like what you get from the government? You get more. If Hillary survives, she'll most likely be our first woman president. That's certainly an achievement, and very much a talking point. A commercial.

Therein lies the problem with a third party. We are a nation of personalities, not policies. A nation of policies—the European Union nations, for example—vote *for* or *against* a policy. The personality attached to the policy tends to be secondary—which is why you can't name the prime minister of the Netherlands (that would be Mark Rutte). I'm guessing Mark Rutte doesn't have a compelling backstory. He very well may be a compelling man and a great prime minister, but he lacks celebrity.

Here in the States, we're addicted to celebrity. We get shaky, jittery, nervous, feel ungrounded, without the warm shroud of celebrity enveloping us. That's why we know more about Paris Hilton than we know about the Glass-Steagall Act. (It was discussed at length at the Democratic debate in November. It's the legislation that attempts to prevent banks from dropping a roofie in our economy's drink while we're in the bathroom and taking it back to their hotel room. It's not working, by the way.) When Hillary Clinton discusses Glass-Steagall, audiences nod off like heroin addicts. When she plays a character named Val on *Saturday Night Live,* she's talked about. Even the idea of democratic socialism doesn't stand a chance going head-to-head with a discussion of how many pairs of underwear Bernie Sanders owns (again, *SNL*). Though I tend toward the line of democratic socialism, I dare you to find a self-described "undemocratic socialist." Yes, it's kind of a silly term.

We get our "policy" from Jimmy Fallon, Seth Meyers, and Jimmy Kimmel, via the candidates who appear on their shows in six-minute stints. Policy, as we once knew it, now consists of cleverly rehearsed one-liners that are blurted out after having been worked out long before the appearance on the show.

As CNN has apparently thrown in the towel and become the 24/7 Trump-coverage channel, as Fox lets Donald Trump and Ben Carson call in and acquire free media, it's become quite apparent that we care little about policy and quite a bit about the sound bite. And about that same bite followed by a roundtable of pundits dissecting the bite. And then the candidate responding to the pundits responding to the bite, in a circle jerk of inbred political discussion. Which most likely devolves into a discussion about how well Hillary Clinton played Val and whether Bernie Sanders dries his underwear on a radiator.

It's not that we've dumbed down. We're far beyond that, spelunking in a cave of sub-stupidity. Think I'm wrong? As I was writing this, terrorists, in the wake of the horrific French massacre, were holding a huge hotel and its guests hostage in Mali. What was the No. 1 Google search? "Where is Mali?"

I in no way mean to suggest that the United States will undergo a demise, simply that our discourse will. For some people, that's a good thing. It's easier to legislate without an informed body politic.

Policy does not exist without a persona behind it, which raises the question: Why form a third party? What aren't you already hearing, from xenophobia, isolationism, interventionism, democratic socialism, immigration or lack thereof, Jesus in the classroom, the war on Christmas (yes, the American presidential buffet offers you the opportunity to reaffirm your Christianity, that whole "separation of Church and State" thing a seemingly and increasingly foolish afterthought as we progress toward our political demise), sanctuary cities, dentists who hunt and kill beautiful lions, and the people who defend dentists who hunt and kill beautiful lions. I mean, you're getting it all.

I in no way mean to suggest that the United States will undergo a demise, simply that our discourse will. I suppose for some people such a degradation is a good thing. It's much easier to legislate without an informed body politic.

Regardless of how you feel about Barack Obama, Steve Schmidt (John McCain's campaign manager) in 2008 referred to the president-elect as a rock star, comparing him to Britney Spears and Paris Hilton. He was right. Obama was a rock star. No one ever said Jimmy Carter was a rock star, but then again, Paris Hilton didn't exist in 1976. President Obama probably still is a rock star, in that "Oh, the Rolling Stones are touring again? They're a little old, but that's pretty cool" kind of way.

We've given up on meaningful discussion of public policy and thrown all-in with the public persona, the candidate.

Be careful, though. You never really know what they're thinking; you only hear what they're saying. And what do they mean? They mean whatever you want them to mean, and they'll mean whatever you ask them to mean.

It's sad. It's also really and disturbingly fucking dangerous.

ILLUSTRATION BY BORIS JAIRALA



PARTY OF TWO

When Alex and Nina decided to let their boyfriends off the hook and skip all the hyped-up Valentine's Day "romance," they figured they'd earned some special girl time. And after they'd made the most of that time by bringing each other to multiple orgasms, they swore they'd never again get caught up in the V Day hoopla—and they certainly wouldn't wait a year to experiment further.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens



























SEE MORE OF ALEX & NINA AT **PENTHOUSE.COM**.



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ISIS STONE

The Sagebrush Ranch
51 Kit Kat Drive
Carson City NV 89706
888-852-8144
isisstone@sagebrushranch.com

AGE: 27

Height: 5'3"
Bra size: 36B
Home state: Nevada

PROFESSIONAL HISTORY

Time at the Ranch: One year
"I've had many different jobs, but they never seemed right. I'm not good at a lot, but I'm definitely good at sex, so this was a natural fit. It's like I'm made for it!"

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

"I've gotten to explore parts of my sexuality that I hadn't before. I learned that I'm a 'switch' in BDSM, meaning I can be a submissive or a domme. I love to be spanked. If a guy leaves handprints on my ass, I'm a happy girl. And I've gotten to experiment with toys a lot. Plus, I'm bisexual, and now I have an entire house of beautiful girlfriends to play with."

SKILLS AND COMPETENCIES

"I have plenty of clients who just want to lie in bed and cuddle, and that's fine with me. I like that I get to fill that void for them. I'm like their therapist, their friend. The Ranch isn't just for men, and I see lots of single women and couples. I really enjoy helping couples explore and spice things up and get out of a rut. And I like knowing that when they go home they'll try what they've learned from me. It's one of the best parts of the job."

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

"I had one client who really liked tentacle porn, and he asked if we could watch it together. The porn was kind of awkward, but we still had fun. And another client had an obsession with inflatable pool toys—he just wanted to rub them all over me. There are so many different 'weird' fetishes, but they're really all normal, and they can all be fun."

"I once had a two-girl party with my girlfriend. Two guys booked with us, and it was the first time my girlfriend and I had partied together. The two of us had such a good time that afterward we decided we needed to be in a relationship. And the guys had fun watching us play together. We all had a sincerely good time."

TEACHING OVERVIEW

"A good tip for guys is to watch how your girlfriend reacts when you touch her. Her body will give you all the cues you need about what she likes and what you should be doing more of. But don't be afraid to ask questions, either.

"And don't be afraid to try new things. Take a leap of faith and tell your date your fantasies. Tell her what turns you on. Then try something together that you've never done before. See if you like it. And if you do, do it again."



"From the first client, this felt like the perfect job for me, a natural choice. After we got past paying the cashier—which, I admit, is always a little awkward—it was no different than going on a blind date."





Tera Patrick

27 Random Facts That Few People Know



For more than a year, I've had the pleasure of showcasing my fellow Penthouse Pets with sexy candid photos of a day in their lives. The centerfolds also provide a list of facts known only to their close friends and relatives. Welcome to the family.

By Sam Phillips

Tera Patrick, our 2002 Pet of the Year Runner-Up, not only dominated the porn industry, but she's had what I consider to be the crossover career of the century. She's a best-selling author (*Sinner Takes All*), a reality star, a mainstream model and actress, a sex columnist, a publisher, a clothing designer, an awards-show host, a TV host, a radio host, and a music-video vixen.

This self-confessed "Betty Crocker rocker and mom-preneur"—who's also an AVN and NightMoves Hall of Fame inductee—retired from performing in 2008, but she still owns and operates her film studio, Teravision, Inc., and licenses her movie catalog worldwide. She's also a contracted feature entertainer performing 50 shows a year. In 2016 she'll be performing in Italy, Greece, the United Kingdom, Switzerland, France, and Finland.

To keep up with Tera's tour dates, follow her on Twitter.com/TERA1PATRICK and Instagram.com/yodasoda_. Check out her exclusive content on her website, TeraPatrick.com, and her official online store, AllThingsTera.net.

1. I am a huge Hello Kitty fanatic. My first encounter was walking home from school in kindergarten and seeing Hello Kitty in a shop. My mom bought me a pencil with an HK strawberry-scented eraser, and I've been a collector ever since. I've been to Sanrio Puroland, the Hello Kitty theme park in Tokyo, four times.

2. My sister Debbie is my best friend, and the closest person to me. We talk by phone every day, no matter what. She knows *everything* about me.

3. The one luxury and hobby I indulge in is travel. I've been to almost 90 countries, and I've been on every continent except Antarctica. My dream destinations are Thailand (to meet my family), Easter Island, and Egypt to see the pyramids.

4. I'm obsessed with *Star Wars*. My alter ego Yoda is.

5. I collect vintage furs, and since I'm a huge fan of Marilyn Monroe, on my birthday one year I purchased (through her estate) one of her silver-fox fur stoles.

6. I'm a vegetarian and believe in holistic medicine. I use oils, herbs, and certain foods as medicine. I also practice meditation and vinyasa yoga daily.

7. I create, sew, and BeDazzle all my showgirl/burlesque/stripper costumes. It's relaxing for me to BeDazzle. I've given a few of my dancer costumes to female fans when I was finished with them.

8. I am fascinated by true-crime and serial-killer books. I want to understand their behavior and the psychology of why they behave the way they do. It's also quite a conversation starter when someone sees you reading *The Encyclopedia of Serial Killers*.

9. My beauty routine is super-simple. I make most of my beauty products using coconut oil, and I ingest coconut oil as well. It's worked for my grandmother and mother. Ancient Thai secrets....

10. I am a clean freak! I love to clean my home, and I clean my bathroom last, usually in a bikini so I can clean myself after.

11. I'm a comic-book fan. I own

the first issue of *The Amazing Spider-Man No. 129,* with the debut of the Punisher, my favorite vigilante. I also love Crossbones and Skeletor.

12. I've always attended comics conventions, and I started cosplaying about five years ago. I created "Hello Punisher," my take on Hello Kitty and the Punisher. I also cosplay as Psylocke, Black Widow, and Viper.

13. I chose my name Tera; "Terra" means earth. My other choice was Ava, after Ava Gardner, because I wanted a different classic name, but Tera won. And it's legally mine.

14. I was one of the first adult-film stars to have a Fleshlight molded, and I'm still with the company today, selling my parts worldwide.

15. Before porn, I was studying microbiology. I wanted a career in medicine/science…. Maybe someday.

16. My first job was at my father's winery, picking grapes, then bottling and labeling wine. I was ten. I've worked nonstop ever since.

17. I was in the Adult Swim animated series *Aqua Teen Hunger Force,* season four, episode eight, "Grim Reaper Gutters." I play myself and say, "I want to party with you!" I eat a corn dog and spend the entire episode on all fours, in doggie-style. *ATHF* was my favorite show at the time, and I was thrilled they asked me to play myself.

18. I was featured in two video-games: *Saints Row 2* in 2009 as myself (I can be made into many different characters, including a scientist—my fave), and *Backyard Wrestling 2,* released in 2004. When it came time to shoot the cover I refused, because I didn't want to shoot with Insane Clown Posse. I have a terrible, terrible fear/phobia of clowns.

19. My first pet of my own, Chopper, is my toy fox terrier. I've had him for 13 years. He has his own MySpace and Twitter accounts, and receives gifts and mail from my fans. He's always traveled with me, and he goes to my appearances. My fans adore him, sometimes more than they like me.















20. I'm a great gardener. I learned from my dad. I love having plants in my house, and flowers. And I talk to them—constantly.

21. The first thing I do when I'm traveling to a new town, city, state, or country is look for a museum. I love all kinds of museums.

22. I'm extremely superstitious. I won't walk under ladders, and everything I own or buy has to be in even numbers. In Thai, odd numbers are bad luck.

23. I'm comforted by two smells, anise and peppermint. I always have them in my purse. I've never met anyone besides my sister who likes anise/black licorice the way I do.

24. I have a traditional Tebori tattoo from Japan. I went there in 2009 to be tattooed specifically in this tradition. I have a dragon (as I was born in the year of the dragon), with isobars and traditional red-cherry blossoms. I sat for five days in a row, eight hours a day, for that tattoo.

25. In 2001, Pet Confidential author Sam Phillips and I lived together in Hollywood. We could not bear to be separated, and even slept in the same bed! We also went though 9/11 together, which was very traumatic. Our "couples name" was "Tam," a mash-up of Tera and Sam. (Sam's version was "Sera.") Everyone just assumed we were a couple.

26. In 2012, I became a mother. Sophia (named after one of my idols, Sophia Loren) has made my life complete and full of joy! At just two months of age, she began traveling internationally with me, and she's trilingual. Being a mother is the greatest accomplishment of my life.

27. I am currently living in Italy and learning Italian. It's always been my goal to learn another language. This is the third country I've lived in for an extended period of time. I love it! I can live anywhere, and I enjoy the experience.

Tera Patrick




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KROSSING PATHS

September 2008 Pet of the Month Kayden Kross, a powerhouse in the adult industry, also graced these pages in February 2006 (her first nude photos!) and September 2010. Since then, she's proud to have appeared in another publication: In September 2014, *The New York Times* published the essay "For Kayden Kross, the Family Business Happens to Be Porn." The now-30-year-old wrote about the financial security her career has provided, how it led to her marriage to fellow adult actor Manuel Ferrara, and how liberating it was, financially and sexually, to work in an industry in which women make more money than men for the same job. Now, we couldn't be happier to showcase these brand-new images in *Penthouse*.

Photographs by Tammy Sands



"Aside from modeling and doing scenes, I've moved into directing, but I had fun on this shoot. This is one of my first photo sets in a long time, and Tammy is one of my favorites."







"I love the freedom I have throughout the day. I'm busy as hell, but busy on my own schedule. Now, what gets me excited is having complete creative control on a project."





"The most exciting place I've ever had sex is on porn sets when I'm with people I've secretly had crushes on."











"One time someone spanked me at the exact right moment after I came, and it made the entire orgasm seem to reverberate back through my body. Timing is everything."

SEE MORE OF KAYDEN AT **PENTHOUSE.COM**.

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, MPH

CARPET COLOR



I'm in a relationship with a guy who prefers a full bush, and he asked me to stop waxing. He doesn't know that I am going gray prematurely. I'm only 25, but my hair would be salt-and-pepper if I didn't color it. I don't know about my bush, because I've been keeping it bare for a long time. Do pubes turn gray at the same time as the hair on your head?

Most people can expect the curtains to fade long before the carpet does. Pubic hair typically doesn't change color until late in life, regardless of how early hair on the head starts to turn gray. No doubt there are exceptions, but it's impossible to say how rare they may be. There is no scientific evidence about the frequency of gray pubic hair observed in any population.

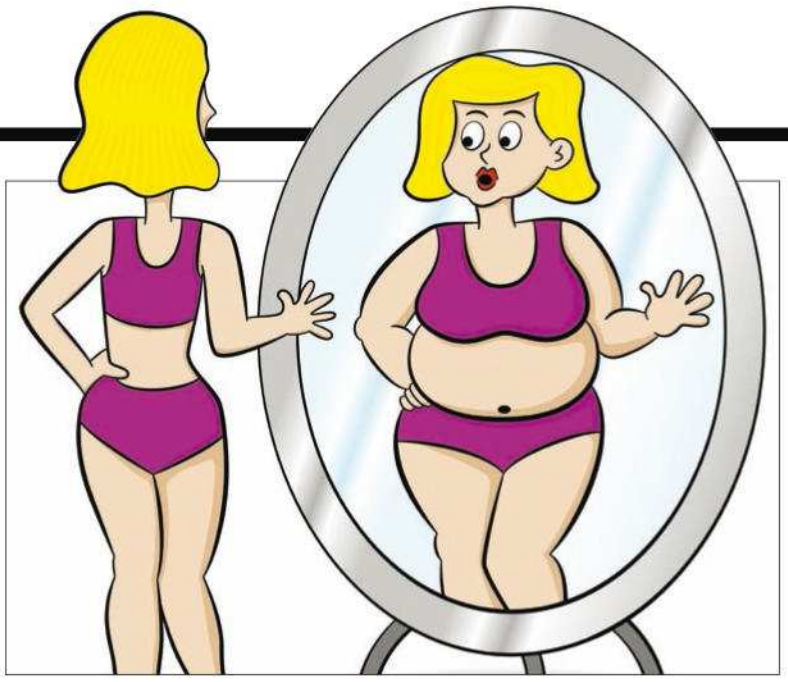
The timing and pattern of gray hair is mainly genetic, and there is a lot of individual variation. For the most part, you can't predict exactly where or when you'll get gray hair, but some traits related to it may be inherited. So if you really want to know, ask your mom. She could probably tell you more than is known to science.

Few people are ready to embrace or even accept gray hair in their twenties and thirties, but it isn't so freakish that you have to keep it a secret. It's actually pretty common—although more so for white people than black people. Science has shown that in white people, gray hair normally appears between ages 24 and 44. Black people tend to see gray hair between ages 34 and 54. Graying is only considered "premature" before age 20 in whites and age 30 in blacks.

Anyone pushing 30 should start bracing for gray hair. It's around, and if you happen to encounter it, you shouldn't shriek and recoil like it's a spider.

If it comes to it, you could always dye your bush. A brand called Betty Beauty makes a line of products specifically for dyeing pubic hair—black, brown, blonde, auburn, and a variety of novelty colors. I can't imagine dyeing it could be any more trouble than waxing.

HOW TO BE SEXY



My wife gained some weight and now she feels awful about her appearance. I tell her all the time how attractive she is. She thinks I'm just bullshitting and says she can tell that I don't find her sexy anymore. I honestly don't have a problem with her weight, and I love her body even with a few extra pounds. But I'm turned off by how she acts disgusted with herself. She mopes and slouches and constantly calls herself fat and dumpy. How can I explain this to her without making her feel even worse?

"Sexy" is the same thing as "cool." It's an attitude. Nothing can make you that way. It's something you decide to be. Believe it or not, people generally go along with whatever you think of yourself. If you're not merely trying to be cool, but believe that people should think you're cool, they will. Cool people don't try to impress you; they're impressed with themselves and assume you are, too. Sexy people act like you should want to have sex with them, and therefore you do. A sexy person thinks, *I'd fuck me.*

It's important to make your wife understand how being "sexy" and "attractive" are separate things. If you can make that distinction clear, then you can talk about the only real problem, which is the way she feels about herself.

There is no use denying nothing has diminished your desire for her sexually. She knows it whether or not you admit it. Of course, she assumes it's because she gained weight. Confronting her about what's really bothering you gives her a different problem to think about. She will have to think about how she perceives herself. When someone is beating up on herself, telling her to knock it off can be more helpful than trying to reassure them.

Keep telling her she's beautiful, though, because you should never be sparing with compliments if they are sincere. But say it like it's a fact, not like you're trying to make her feel better. And at the same time, in the same matter-of-fact way, acknowledge her weight gain. Encourage her to lose weight if it would make her feel good, but not for your sake.

I think everyone could benefit from a reality check every now and then about what is sexy. It's really easy to develop misguided beliefs about how to make people want you. You may get it into your head that a certain quality or attribute—being thin, strong, young, successful, etc.—is supremely desirable, and then fixate on it. In your mind, this becomes a requirement for anyone to be interested in you sexually. This can also make you blind sometimes to things you're doing that are actually repulsive. Or you get so uptight about achieving or maintaining whatever it is you believe is sexy that you lose interest in sex.

If you want to be sexy, be sexy. That's the secret.

A PERSONALIZED VALENTINE

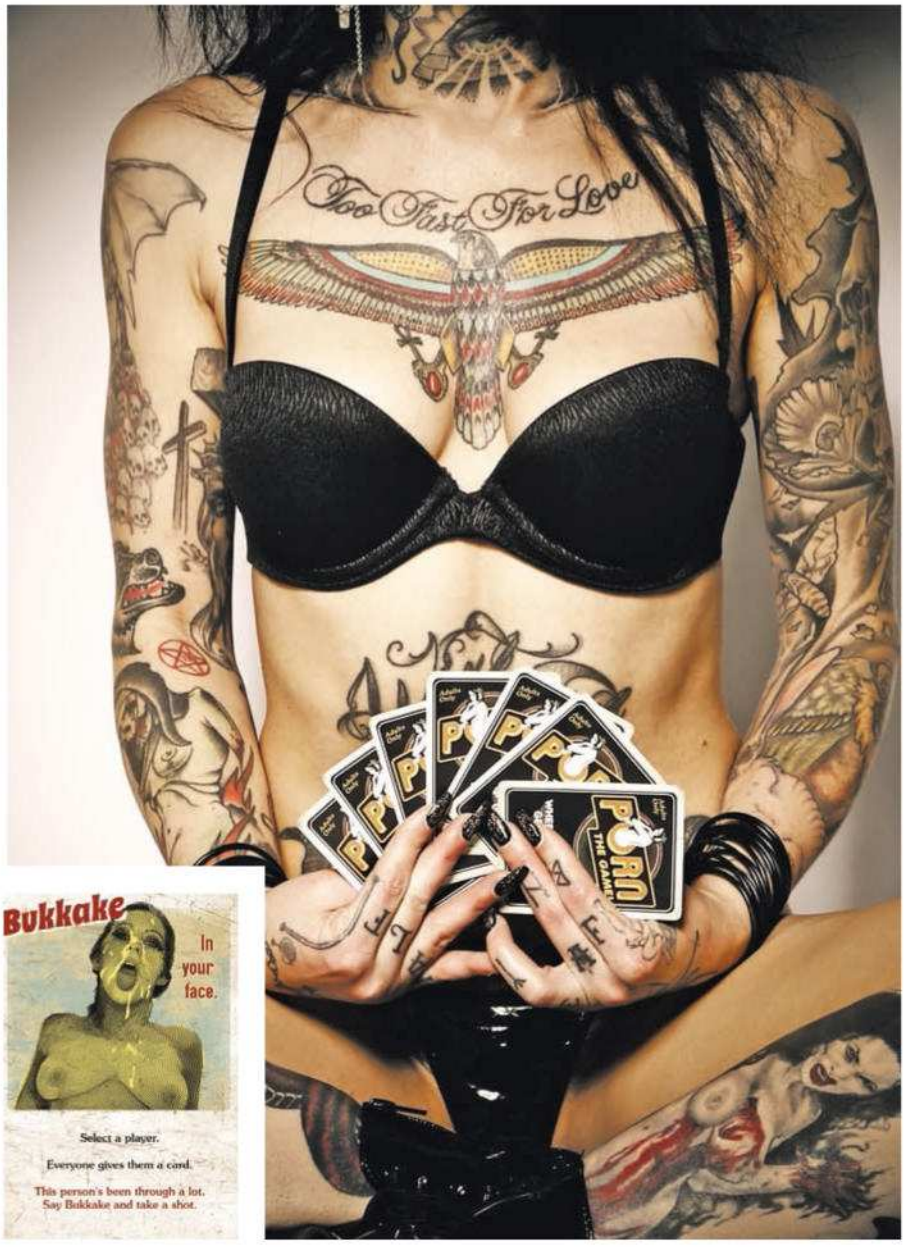


Do something creative with your homemade sex videos. You probably hide your stash of raw footage somewhere, and only occasionally peek at it. But you can make art with it, as a gift for your partner. Edit the video on your computer to make a movie. Try adding a soundtrack, and play with effects, filters, and transitions. Or capture still images from the video, edit them, and make an erotic photo book.

Remember, you need to maintain the same security precautions as you do with the original footage. She won't be happy if the gift ends up exposing her assets without her permission or knowledge. If you need advice about protecting your privacy, see Violet Blue's article "Safer Sext" from our February 2015 issue at PenthouseMagazine.com/safer-sext.

REV YOUR ENGINES

Lust-activating Valentine's gifts for flirty friends, sexting crushes, long-distance lovers, and long-time couples. • By Christine Colby



Porn the Game!

PornTheGame.com • $20

If you know a group of open-minded and uninhibited folks who like to laugh, this adults-only card game is for you—and that goes double if there's alcohol involved, due to the special optional drinking-game rules (detailed in red on every applicable card). Starting is easy: Draw a card and do what it says; all the rules are explained as you go. Each card—which bear such names as Donkey Show, Necrophilia, and Titty Fuck—has hilarious and well-executed graphics that look straight out of the golden age of sexploitation. For another $9, you can buy the E.D. Expansion pack (no, not erectile dysfunction; it stands for Extreme Drunkard), which plays the same, but raunchier and drunker. They're great for groups of four or more, but by the end of the game, you may find yourselves paired off.



Lelo Tiani 24k

Lelo.com • $200

Prove that you're the romantic type by investing in this luxurious couples' toy. It's designed to be worn during intercourse and controlled via a remote, so you both benefit from the internal and external vibes. She'll be impressed by the decadent 24-karat-gold embellishment, but you might be relieved that it comes with "couples' insurance." The company states that if, after investing in this pricey product, your relationship crashes and burns within 12 months, it will send you a replacement product. Although you may not need it—a Lelo survey found that 71 percent of couples that used a couples' massager reported an improvement in their sex lives.



Adam & Eve Easy 'O' Red Rocket/Easy 'O' Flutter Vibe

AdamEve.com • $25 each

These vibrators have a motor right in the tip and a flexible shaft to help pinpoint G-spot stimulation. They're fully submersible, so they're tub- and shower-friendly—you can even take them into a pool—and they're compatible with both water- and silicone-based lubes. The thick, wavy ridges on the translucent purple Flutter vibe provide extra intensity. They would be good for beginners or women who are particularly sensitive, as the single AA battery means they don't rev as powerfully as some other vibes.

PHOTOGRAPH OF ALICE MCMUNN COURTESY OF PORN THE GAME!





Fun Factory ShareVibe

Us.FunFactory.com • $130

What if all your girl wants for Valentine's Day is the chance to wield the cock for a change? The ShareVibe is perfect for pegging, and guarantees her more fun than can be had by wearing a strap-on harness, as this strapless double-dildo toy is vaginally inserted and securely held in by her, so every thrust stimulates both of you. She'll feel like the toy is an extension of her body, and you'll both thrill to the removable five-speed bullet vibrator it packs. The company designed it specifically to enhance intimacy, to move organically with a couple through various sex positions, and to work underwater. And if what she really wants for V Day is another girl, the ShareVibe works for that, too.

Good Grips Suction Grip Bar

Oxo • $30

Sex in the shower is infinitely safer and more comfortable with a handhold or two. Enhance your experience with this grip bar, which attaches to any smooth surface with suction cups. The sleek brushed-nickel finish is stylish and sophisticated, so you can leave it on the wall if you want, but when you have friends or family coming over and you don't want to hear critiques of your placement, it comes off with a quick pull to the release tab. It won't support your full weight, or hers, of course, but it can help you both keep your balance.





We-Vibe 4 Plus with We-Connect App

We-Vibe.com • $180

This toy is a game-changer for sexting. While the We-Vibe can be used by couples during sex, even long-distance partners can enjoy it together. She wears the vibrator, and you control it by connecting to the secure and discreet free We-Connect app, which works on most Bluetooth-enabled devices—Apple (iOS7 or newer) and Android (4.3 or newer)—and is available in 11 languages. Use the touch screen to control the intensity of the vibration and design different patterns. If you find one she really likes, you can save it for future use. Increase the intimacy with the app's secure voice, chat, and Facetime-like video features, so you can hear and watch each other get off. All of the features work at any distance, no matter how far-flung a lover may be. The device can also be connected to more than one phone, in case the user has multiple long-distance partners.



Discipline and Desire

"Date night" has a special meaning for this dom and his girls—especially when it's time to follow through on the repercussions that come from breaking the rules.

By Jennifer Kacey • Illustrations by Reiq

Beside the bed, Kylie stood with her back to me on our date night. In her fuck-me heels, only a couple of inches separated us in height. I brushed her sleek, dark hair over one shoulder, exposing the tab of the zipper at the top of her dress. The red fabric clung to her curves as if magnetized, and a growl rumbled through my chest. The zipper snicked down one tooth at a time, drawing me closer to taking what was mine.

Her shiver wasn't lost on me as her spine appeared. Then her waist. Her ass.

Bare beneath the dress. No bra. No panties. Nothing separated her from me. Ever. It was one of our rules.

Her profile, backlit by the light coming from the nightstand, never failed to elicit a throb from beneath the fly of my slacks. Her picture should sit next to the definition of "wet dream" in Webster's dictionary.

"Yes, Sir." Her voice. Sweet as honey, and even smokier than the fire in her brown eyes as she glanced up at me.

Sweeping the material from her shoulders, I exposed every inch of her delicious body. She lifted a foot to remove one of her heels. "Leave them on. Fucking you in them tonight holds quite a lot of appeal." I set her dress aside as a grin tilted her lips. "Happy, baby girl?"

"Very." Her bright smile morphed as she nibbled her lip. "I love the way you look at me."

Grabbing a small circle of purple leather and metal from our dresser, I motioned her to me with nothing but a lift of one eyebrow. She knew what I wanted and stepped closer. Her heels clicked on the hardwood floor and her eyes never left mine.

My needs. Desires. She'd known them from the very beginning, when we met at a kink club almost a year and a half ago. What I wanted, she gave to me. What I craved, she couldn't live without.

Anything I desired, she gifted to me because of what I held in my hand.

Kylie lifted her hair up as I wrapped the collar around her throat, buckling it in place. My collar. Even more special than the wedding ring on her finger. She wore a symbol of ownership at her throat in our bedroom because she belonged to me. Submitted to me.

The peaks of her nipples hardened as I brushed the backs of my knuckles across them. "These have taunted me all night long. That wouldn't possibly be the reason you didn't bring a wrap to dinner, would it?"

Her giggle made her tits bounce, and I palmed them as she answered. "Perchance that had something to do with it, Sir."

"Perchance I'm going to plug your ass while you're cuffed to the bed so I can fuck it before we go to sleep. How's that sound as a reward for very, *very* good behavior?" I didn't give her a chance to answer as I pinched her nipples and tugged her closer. Using her gasp to my advantage, I licked inside her parted lips. Tasting her. Teasing her.

Her fingernails dug into my forearms and the sharp contact kicked my need higher.

Running my nose up the column of her throat, I released her nipples. "You smell delicious." I licked her throat and her panting moan expanded between us. "And I'm not just talking about your perfume."

"*Mmm* ... Your cologne. I crave your scent. Your taste." She brushed the front of my slacks and my dick jumped, trying to get to her.

But I had plans for my girl. Plans with another—

"Sir?"

I didn't turn toward the woman now standing inside our room. Nor did I take my eyes from Kylie. She bit her lip, glancing at the door. A new level of excitement filled her eyes, and the energy in the room shifted to something even more intense.

Stroking Kylie's collarbone, I addressed the pale blonde beaming at my wife.

Winter. Our girlfriend. Our tardy girlfriend.

"You're late."

"*Uh* ... sorry?" Mischief sparkled in her ice-blue eyes and I scowled. She pushed my control every step of the way, but somehow, she just fit with us. Meeting her at a kink convention several months before was supposed to be a one-time thing. Best of intentions apparently hadn't seen my girls play together.

Kylie squeezed my hand. Anticipation shimmied through her, again reminding me how perfect they were for me. I kissed her.

"Winter, strip, and come here. When you're naked, I want to know what you think an adequate punishment is for being—" I glanced at the clock over the door—"eight minutes late."

"Yes, Asher." My name on either of their lips affected me the same way "Sir" did. They meant the same thing. The two beautiful women were mine and mine alone.

"Kylie, wrists." She held them out as I pulled matching purple cuffs out of the top drawer. Slipping them over her tanned flesh and buckling them in place, I kept an eye on Winter. She dropped her skirt and tank, kicked off her flip-flops. "On the bed, Kylie. On all fours. Winter's going to put a plug in your ass and lick your pretty pussy."

"Can I make her come, Sir?" Winter sauntered closer, and Kylie shifted so they could properly say hello. Their lips met, hands pulling each other close, leaving light lines where their nails dragged across the other's skin.

Fuck. "No. Close only. She's not coming until I'm in her ass, and then you can lick her off." Both women moaned as their tongues slid against each other.

Several more kisses, and Kylie drifted toward the bed.

The custom-made furniture was constructed from iron with quite a few strategically placed bars and loops. They could have held drapery fabric or flowers. But it wasn't that kind of bed. And Kylie wasn't that kind of girl. Ropes and chains were much more her style.

As she crawled onto the mattress, I couldn't help but notice the wetness clinging to the lips of her smooth sex. My mouth watered at the remembered flavor of her pussy juice. The taste of her ass. "Kylie?"

Her dark-brown eyes flipped to me as she settled on her knees. "Keep that pussy ready until Winter gets there." I fisted a handful of Winter's hair, catching her unaware, and yanked her to me. She squeaked as my lips crashed down on hers. I pulled her to her tiptoes and took her mouth. Licking, nipping, biting her lips, her throat, she purred against me.

"Punishment?" I growled as I snatched her collar from behind me. I wrapped the green leather around her throat, tightening it. Her eyes locked on mine. Her fingers at my waist tightened, holding on to me, trusting me, until I released the collar. Sucking in oxygen, her eyes closed and her body trembled as I finished buckling the collar. Breathplay is one of her biggest fetishes.

"A spanking, Sir?"

I waited for her eyes to open. "How many?"

"One for each minute I was late?" That same sparkle of naughty shone in her baby blues. And something else. Others thought her aloofness was that of an icy personality, but I knew better. I'd seen the real Winter.

My hand between her thighs slipped in the liquid spilling from her core. My mind calculated more than the simple number of swats she was due, and I nodded. "Go get your girlfriend ready, and I'll get you the plug I want. But first ... " Pressing against her clit on the way past, I pulled my fingers away, and held them in front of her. "Lick them clean."

Awareness widened her eyes and she sucked one, and then two, of my fingers into her mouth.

"Good girl."

She pulled them free with a pop, but before she moved, I snagged all four of her green cuffs from the dresser and fastened them around her wrists and ankles.

Before I retrieved the stainless-steel butt plug and lube from the nightstand, my girls were already groaning on the bed. Winter's slim digits fucked my wife's pussy and ass while Kylie—in the fuck-me heels—jerked beneath her.

I tossed the plug and lube on the bed and the girls looked up at me. "Plug in. No coming."

"Yes, Sir," echoed between them and my dick pulsed, reminding me that I was the only one clothed in the room.

Quickly I shed my button-down and slacks, along with my shoes. Climbing on the bed beside Kylie, it didn't take her half a second to latch on to my hard shaft. She squeezed, telling me how close she was to breaking a rule: coming without permission.

Winter steadily circled Kylie's clit as she gently pushed the plug into her ass. She held it in place, stretching the muscles of her tiny pucker. Press and retreat, as Kylie squeezed my dick in time with the shallow thrusts of the cold metal, until the plug popped in. Winter then buried her face in Kylie's slit, riding her unbelievably close to orgasm, which had to be pumping through her pelvis.

"Winter. On your back on the bed, head on the pillows, legs spread wide."

My girls were already groaning on the bed. I hauled Kylie forward until she lay across Winter's thighs.

With one last lick from clit to plug, Winter moved. Kylie released my cock, panting and scooting back with a shiver until she sat on her heels in the middle of the bed. I took leather straps from the nightstand and attached each of Winter's cuffs to a ring on the four posts of the bed. Bound before me, I hauled Kylie forward until she lay across one of Winter's thighs, and attached both of her cuffs to one of the posts.

Moving onto the bed, kneeing Kylie's thighs wide, I eyed Winter. "Count." With no warning, I spanked my wife's upturned ass.

"One?" Winter counted, confusion marring her voice.

Kylie groaned, processing the pain with a tilt of her hips asking for another. I gave it to her.

"Two?"

And another, and another, until Winter whispered the final count of "Eight ... " I palmed Kylie's rosy ass as I fisted my cock and she shadow-humped Winter's thigh, trying to find enough friction to get off.

"Your being late isn't rewarded with my handprint. Topping from the bottom just cost you my come."

Genuine upset crossed Winter's face, and her real need broke through the tight control she kept on her emotions. "I'm sorry, Asher. Truly. I lost track of time at work and thought I could play it off. I didn't mean to disappoint you."



"Spanking as punishment? Did you really think that was appropriate penance?"

"No, but asking for what I need scares the shit out of me. I really am sorry."

Remorse bled through her words, and I came up with a plan to give both of my girls exactly what they needed. Rubbing the head of my dick along Kylie's drenched sex, I thrust, burying half my cock in her hot pussy. "So wet."

"Yes, Sir. Need to come. So bad."

"Not yet."

"Please ..." she begged as I shoved inside, pumping within the slick walls of her core. Her pussy fluttered, and I knew she couldn't last much longer.

Leaning over, I unclipped Kylie's cuffs, then undid the straps holding Winter's hands. I tugged both of their bodies down a few inches. "Sit on Winter's face. She's going to lick your clit while I fuck your ass." Their eyes lit up as Kylie scrambled into position and they pushed all the pillows to the floor.

Slowly, I worked the plug out and tossed it on the bed. Seizing the bottle of lube, I squeezed some into the open hole of Kylie's ass and some into my palm. For several strokes I fucked my fist, then straddled our girlfriend's partially bound body. Shoving Kylie's torso forward, I fit the weeping tip of my dick to her puckered hole.

Grasping her hip with one hand, I pressed forward, holding the base of my shaft with the other.

"Let me. Please," Winter begged as her hand circled my cock.

I put my hand over hers, keeping the head in the right spot. We fed my hard-on into Kylie's ass, and we all groaned when I popped inside.

"Sir? Now?" Kylie panted, her entire body shaking with the need to come.

"You're so fucking tight."

"It hurts so good, Asher."

Winter's hand on my balls nearly forced the come from my body, but I ground my teeth together as I fucked my wife. "Finger her pussy, Winter, and we'll both make her come."

"Fuuucccckkk," someone breathed. No clue which girl.

Separated by nothing more than a thin layer of skin, we both fucked her. I reached around and held Kylie's lips wide. Her ass locked down on my cock as Winter finger fucked her.

Kylie screamed and thrashed her head back and forth as I continued to fuck her as she came.

Several thrusts later, I pulled out and threw one leg between Winter's spread thighs and jacked my cock toward her cunt. Kylie collapsed beside her and they watched me.

I eyed Winter as they held each other. "Beg me to come on your pussy. Beg me for my come."

"Please, please—" Winter moaned.

"Please," both girls begged.

That was all it took. My girls. Both of them. Craving my come more than they needed anything else.

Pumping my hips, I fisted my cock as lightning raced down my spine and come erupted from the tip of my boner.

Thick ropes of white splashed all over Winter's mound. I coated her clit, the lips of her pussy, and it ran to her ass. Power raced inside me as they both licked their lips. "Want a taste?"

They both nodded, nibbling on their bottom lips.

"Then you can share." I moved off the bed, heading to the bathroom to wash off my cock. When I strode back into the room, Kylie knelt between Winter's thighs, but she wasn't licking her pussy.

"I thought you said I wasn't getting your come tonight, Sir?"

I smiled and climbed back on the bed near Winter's head. "Are you going to be late again?" She shook her head and eyed my cock. "Good. Then Kylie can share my come."

"How?" my sexy wife asked, then, with realization, she said, "Oh, my God." She licked up one side of Winter's pussy and then moved above her, feeding my come into her mouth.

My cock jerked, getting hard again as Winter whimpered, swallowing my come.

"Now get me harder so I can come in Kylie, and you can lick my come out of her pussy to return the favor."

Kylie fed her more come and the smell of sex filled my lungs as Winter sucked the head of my dick into her mouth.

Best date night ever.

Well—until next week....



SHOE FLY

Our series of retrospective pictorials continues with a fetish-themed fantasy set from March 1995.

In *The Songs of Bilitis,* French poet Pierre Louÿs created a unique universe of exotic delights and sexual imagery that had no equal in Western literature. Our juxtaposition of his celebration of sapphic love with Earl Miller's captivating photographs of Julia Ann and Tiffany makes as much sense as shoofly pie. Why shoofly pie? Well, for starters, the models are sinfully delicious and impossible to resist....

Photographs by Earl Miller







"Thy feet, one before the other, pose, hesitate, and glide softly. Arch thyself, erect upon thy feet, shake thy loins, throw out thy legs, and let thy clamoring hands call all the desires in a band about thy turning body."















"See! I have yielded at last. Thou mayest play with my breasts, caress my belly, open my knees. All my body surrenders to thy tireless lips."





"As for me, I live only when I am naked. My lover, take me as I am, without robe or jewels or sandals. Take me as my mother made me in a night of love long past, and, if I please thee so, forget not to tell me.... For in the secret of thy body hidest the Cave of the Nymph of which old Homer spoke.... The place where glide, drop by drop, the inexhaustible springs, and the gate of the south lets immortals enter."



Latex Lover

I've always loved latex, so when I saw a flyer in my local sex shop advertising a class on how to make latex clothing, I had to sign up.

There were only eight of us in the class, and after showing us some custom pieces she'd done, our instructor set us up with thin scraps of latex so we could practice. After a few test cuts, we were given patterns for boxers, booty shorts, and tank tops. I chose the shorts, since I own several latex tops and dresses but not a single pair of pants.

As I traced the pattern, I couldn't help but get turned-on. I'd never been surrounded by so much latex, and I wanted to wrap myself up in the scraps that were quickly piling up on the floor. By the time class was over, I'd made a fantastic pair of black shorts. I wanted to try them on more than anything, but our instructor told us we had to wait 48 hours for the glue to dry or we'd risk pulling our garments apart at the seams.

For two days I fought the urge to try on my booty shorts. When Saturday finally came, I was literally counting down the hours. Finally, I ordered a pizza. I'd been so busy cleaning the house and organizing my closet—distractions while I waited—that I hadn't eaten all day. I figured the delivery guy would be ringing my bell in half in hour, like usual, but an hour later the pizza still hadn't arrived. I was wondering where my dinner was when the alarm on my phone went off, letting me know it was safe to try on my latex garment.

I raced to grab my shorts, took off my jeans and underwear, then lightly powdered my thighs so the latex would slide easily up my legs. The latex brushed my skin as I pulled the shorts up slowly, and I shivered with delight. The snug-fitting rubber forced my body to mold to it, rather than the other way around, and I felt the shorts squeezing my ass tightly. It was an exquisite sensation.

I walked around the house to get a feel for how the shorts moved, stopping to admire myself in the mirror more than a few times. I was so into my new garment that I almost didn't hear the doorbell. Without thinking, I grabbed my wallet and went to get my pizza. When I opened the front door, I saw my regular delivery guy, a dark-haired hunk in his mid-twenties, and said hello. Instead of returning my greeting, he just stared at me. The T-shirt I had on was short and tight, and the shorts were so tiny that they left little to the imagination.

Paul barely blinked as he took my money and handed me the pizza box. Then he smiled and said, "You should wear latex more often."

I'd always had a bit of a crush on him, and now he was giving me an opening. "Do you want to come inside and get a better look?"

Paul said, "I really should get back." But I could tell he didn't mean it. A second later, he was following me into the house and to my bedroom. I knew he was checking out my ass as he walked behind me, and I made sure to put an extra swing in my step.

When we reached the bedroom, Paul took control. He got on his knees and practically worshiped me—and my shorts. His fingers lightly caressed me through the latex, and each touch felt magnified by the rubber between his flesh and mine.

He was careful in his treatment of the latex, and his knowledge of how to handle the material made me wet. I felt my juices dripping against the rubber, and I wanted Paul to pull off my shorts and fuck me. I grabbed his shoulders and pulled him up so I could kiss him. I attacked his mouth, sealing my lips over his. When we ran out of breath, I begged him to fuck me.

"Not yet," he said as he pulled my shirt over my head.

Paul thrust a few times before shifting my legs so he could go deeper. Then he plowed me.

He went to work on my tits, squeezing one while sucking and nibbling on the nipple of the other. Then his fingers slid past the crotch of my shorts and brushed my wet pussy. Paul's fingers thrust slowly in and out of me, and each time he moved his hand, the latex pulled tight around my hips, enhancing the sensations.

He spent the perfect amount of time fingering me before he pulled his hand free and slid my shorts down my legs. He was gentle and knew to roll the material so it wouldn't rip or snag.

Once my shorts were off, Paul had me get on the bed and then hurriedly took off his own clothes. He was on me in a second. His cock was hard and ready, and he slid inside me easily.

He thrust a few times before shifting my legs so he could go deeper. Then he plowed me. His hips smacked against mine as he fucked me energetically, and each stroke brought me that much closer to orgasm.

I was so turned-on that it took only three or four minutes of steady fucking before I felt my pussy clench and throb. When I came, I cried out loudly and wrapped my legs tight around Paul to keep him inside me. He made sure I'd enjoyed my climax before he began to pump furiously again, and after a half dozen strokes, he came, too. He shot the first few spurts into my pussy, then emptied the rest of his load on my stomach.

After a brief rest, Paul told me he had to get back to work, but that he'd come back after his shift. While he was gone, I ate some pizza, took a shower, and pulled out my favorite latex dress. I couldn't wait to see his reaction.—*T.G., California*


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Post Position



The new house was stressing us out, with tensions running high and sex running low. It was week four of the renovations when we finally snapped—simultaneously.

"I don't know why it's so messy," Amelia said.

"It's a renovation. They're messy."

My wife rested her head against the screen door that led out to our small, dilapidated porch. My gaze roamed to her ass. It had been more than two weeks since I'd had a piece of that.

I took a few steps toward her, my boots creaking on the old tile floor. It was the middle of the day, and no one was there. For all I knew, we were the only people for a block or two.

"What are you doing?" I could tell by her tone that she could read my face—and my intentions. She smirked, and her nipples peaked.

I leaned in to kiss her, pinched one nipple, then the other, and felt her body go tight. Then she melted in my arms and surrendered to me. I held her wrists and squeezed them just enough so that she gasped.

"Get out on that deck," I said.

She blinked at me, and I felt the thrill in my gut from ordering her around. We didn't play this game often, but it got us both off. My cock was already hard, and when she reached out to stroke it through my jeans, I thought I might come instantly. I tightened my grip on her wrist. "Deck. Now. I'll be right there."

I came out a second later with a bungee cord I'd found among the work crew's debris. Her eyes went wide, and that made my dick harder still. I watched her lick her lips. God, how I love that mouth of hers.

"Stand up, Amelia."

She stood, and I walked her back to one of the porch's support poles. The whole structure needed to be redone, but it was sturdy enough to hold us.

"Arms up." She obeyed, putting her long, toned arms up above her head. I bungee-corded her there, enjoying the sight of her jutting breasts. My fingers skated over her warm skin as I shoved up her tank and yanked down the cups of her bra so her breasts popped free. My teeth were on her almost instantly, biting her until she shivered. Then I soothed her with licks and tasted the salt on her skin.

"Please," my lovely wife said.

"Please what? You can say it."

I slipped my hand into her shorts and panties, and found her wet and slippery. A single digit was all I gave her as I slipped into her, touching the places that made her dance and sigh.

"Please fuck me."

"There's my beautiful girl." My fingers had gone from teasing to aggressive. Once she said what I wanted to hear, my own desperation took over. It had been weeks of no fucking. "We'll never do it again," I muttered without thinking.

"Do what?" she gasped as her shorts and panties slid down her legs, and I kneed her thighs apart. I drove three fingers into her this time. Amelia strained against the cord, and I dipped my head to nip roughly at one breast and then the other.

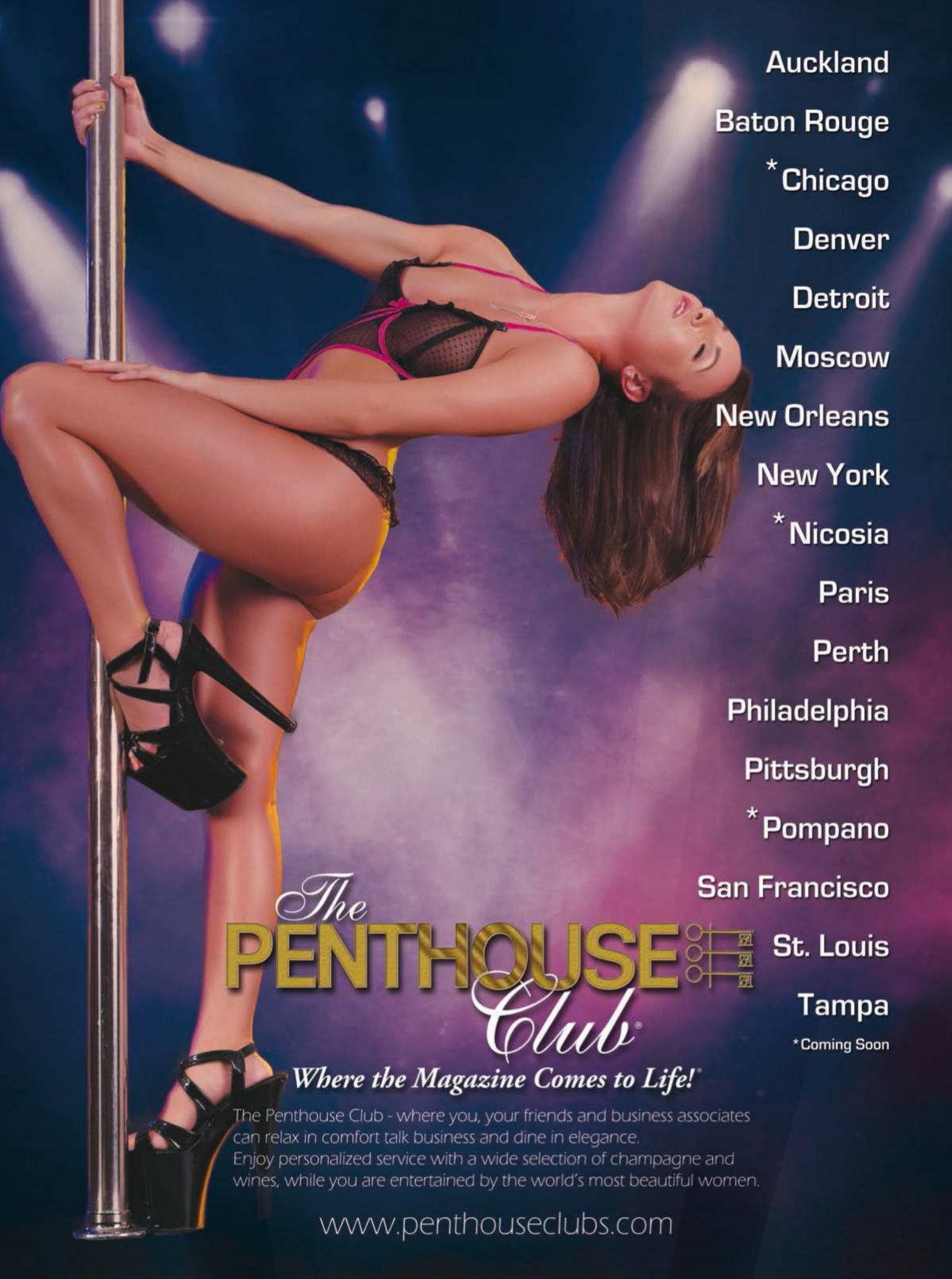
"We won't go this long again without fucking. Yeah?" I asked, running the tip of my cock against her sopping-wet hole.

"Yeah," she agreed.

"Good girl."

I nipped the side of her breast once more. When she jumped against me,

I drove into her, thrusting so hard that only her toes were on the ground.


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I drove into her, thrusting so hard that only her toes were on the ground.

One of her legs came up and wrapped around my waist. I watched the flesh of her cord-wrapped wrists blanch white, knowing she was at my mercy. It was such a rush.

"Please, please," she said over and over, her body meeting mine. Our hips smacked together almost painfully at times, but it was good, that burst of discomfort with that rush of pleasure.

"Oh," Amelia said softly. I licked along her clavicle, and when my lips and tongue came to her shoulder, I bit her, placing my hand over her wrists to hold her even more tightly.

Amelia came with a long, low moan, her eyes darting around as if trying to see if anyone was nearby. I kissed her again, and she gave my tongue a good suck.

"Next time, that's my cock."

"Yes, yes," she agreed, as I emptied into her.

I stayed in her, kissing her until my cock went soft. When we heard voices out on the street, I quickly unfastened her bonds. We had no idea if we'd given anyone a show, but we enjoyed ourselves.—*D.L., Georgia*

Hot-Pink Pussy

When Abby said she wanted my help dyeing her hair, I thought she'd lost her mind. She'd dyed her hair plenty of times, but always at a salon. Why she suddenly wanted my assistance was beyond me. I shook my head and followed Abby to the bathroom. Then she handed me the box of dye, and I saw that it was for pubic hair. I wondered what had sparked Abby's desire for hot-pink pussy hair, but the idea seemed wild and erotic, and if helping meant I got to ogle her cunt, I was okay with that.

The first step was to bleach her hair, and I applied it carefully, not wanting it to sting that delicate skin.

Abby set the timer on her cell-phone for 15 minutes, pulled me to my feet before taking my place on the floor, and looked at me coyly as she unzipped my pants and pulled out my hard cock. She stroked me with her soft hand, and in seconds I felt my balls tingling as my excitement grew.

Abby's hand was moving slowly, and I moaned when she picked up speed. After every few passes, she would rub her thumb across the head of my cock, sending shock waves of pleasure through me. I was really getting into it, and I thought she might even bring me to climax. Then her phone buzzed. Our time was up.

Abby stood up and stepped into the shower so we could rinse out the bleach. Then I coated her bleached curls with the dye, and again we set the timer. Once more Abby got on her knees. I looked down as she took my cockhead into her mouth. Her soft lips felt fantastic against my aching dick, and I moaned loudly as she sucked up more of my shaft. No more than three minutes passed before I was shooting into her mouth.

My climax didn't stop Abby from continuing, and she milked me dry, using her hands and lips and tongue. I started to get hard again. When the timer went off, Abby pulled her mouth off my dick and stood up.

I turned the water back on and rinsed out the dye. Her hair was practically fluorescent, and it looked striking against her faintly tanned skin. Her pussy looked delectable, and I vigorously rubbed her with the towel as I imagined fucking her.

When I was done drying her off, Abby took my dick in her hand and led me to the bedroom, looking pleased with herself. "How about you see if it feels as good as it looks?"

I grabbed her around the waist and tossed her onto the bed. I stripped out of my clothes, and then leaned over the bed to take off Abby's shirt and bra, my eyes almost never leaving her pussy. Once we were both undressed, I ran my fingers through Abby's hot-pink curls and discovered that her slit was absolutely drenched.

I climbed onto the bed and I was up to my balls in her pussy after only one stroke. She was tight and wet and felt fantastic, but I wanted to watch her hot-pink pussy taking my dick.

I pulled out of Abby's cunt and got up on my knees. I pushed my girlfriend's knees to her chest and spread her legs wide, giving me a great view. I watched her cunt swallow my dick, the hot-pink curls seemingly moving up my shaft as I pushed deeper inside her.

Soon my cock was aching and I needed to fuck her hard. I bent over Abby and pumped more rapidly, until our hips were slapping loudly against each other. I was on the verge of coming when Abby's hand reached between our sweaty bodies. When I shifted so I could see what she was doing, I saw her pulling on her bright-pink curls. That was enough to push me over the edge and I came hard, my cock throbbing wildly as I pulled out and shot all over her pink bush.

Abby came a few seconds later, and she arched her back and moaned while I watched her fingers play with her clit. As she calmed down she said, "I think you messed up my hair," and laughed.—*R.K., Oklahoma*

Window-Shopping

I've always been a show-off, loving short skirts, low-cut tops, and bright colors—anything to get attention. I'd tried runway modeling, but at five foot six, I wasn't tall enough, no matter how shapely my legs or how high my heels. I needed a job, so when I spotted a "Help Wanted: Window Model" sign, I was intrigued.

When I went inside the store, there was an attractive older woman sitting behind the counter. I looked around,

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seeing all manner of lingerie, as well as shoes, cute dresses, and jewelry. "I saw the sign and wanted to find out more," I said.

The woman surveyed me, seeming to like what she saw. "I'm Margaret, and this is my store. Business has been slow, and I'm looking to attract some attention. Have you done any modeling before?"

"Not professionally, but I'm eager to get more experience."

"You'd be comfortable posing in the window wearing only lingerie?" I felt excitement race through me. I'd be more than comfortable—I loved the idea of being watched!

"What would I have to do?" I asked.

"Well, you'd be modeling my merchandise. Your main job is to draw people into the store. As long as you keep your nipples and genitals covered, you can be as creative and daring as you'd like."

"I could wear anything in here?" I asked. My eyes were drawn to a luscious blue corset that I knew would look gorgeous on me. "Could I try this on?" I asked, fingering it.

"Of course," she said, laughing.

My exhibitionism and my lust for pretty things made me rush to the fitting room and slip into the corset. I soon emerged, my fulsome breasts threatening to spill out of the top. "Wait right there," Margaret said, then emerged with a frilly scrap of fabric, the matching thong.

"Should I try it?" I asked, gesturing toward the window. Almost immediately, I drew a crowd, and my inner vamp came out to play, flirting with my audience. There were all sorts of people checking me out—men and women of all varieties. The store was soon jam-packed with customers.

During a lull in the afternoon foot traffic, one hot guy stopped to stare at me. He had blond hair, piercing blue eyes, and a chiseled, powerful look—and an erection tenting his slacks. He was the only person around, so I licked my lips, pointedly letting my gaze drift toward his crotch, then back up to his face. Since it was time for my break, I crooked my finger, beckoning him inside the store. He made a beeline for me as I slipped into a white silk robe. "Hi, I'm Terry—you're so captivating," he said.

"Hi, Terry, I'm Michelle," I replied. "Are you familiar with our store?"

"No, I was just walking home and saw you. I was transfixed. You have such beauty and poise. I'd watch you doing anything."

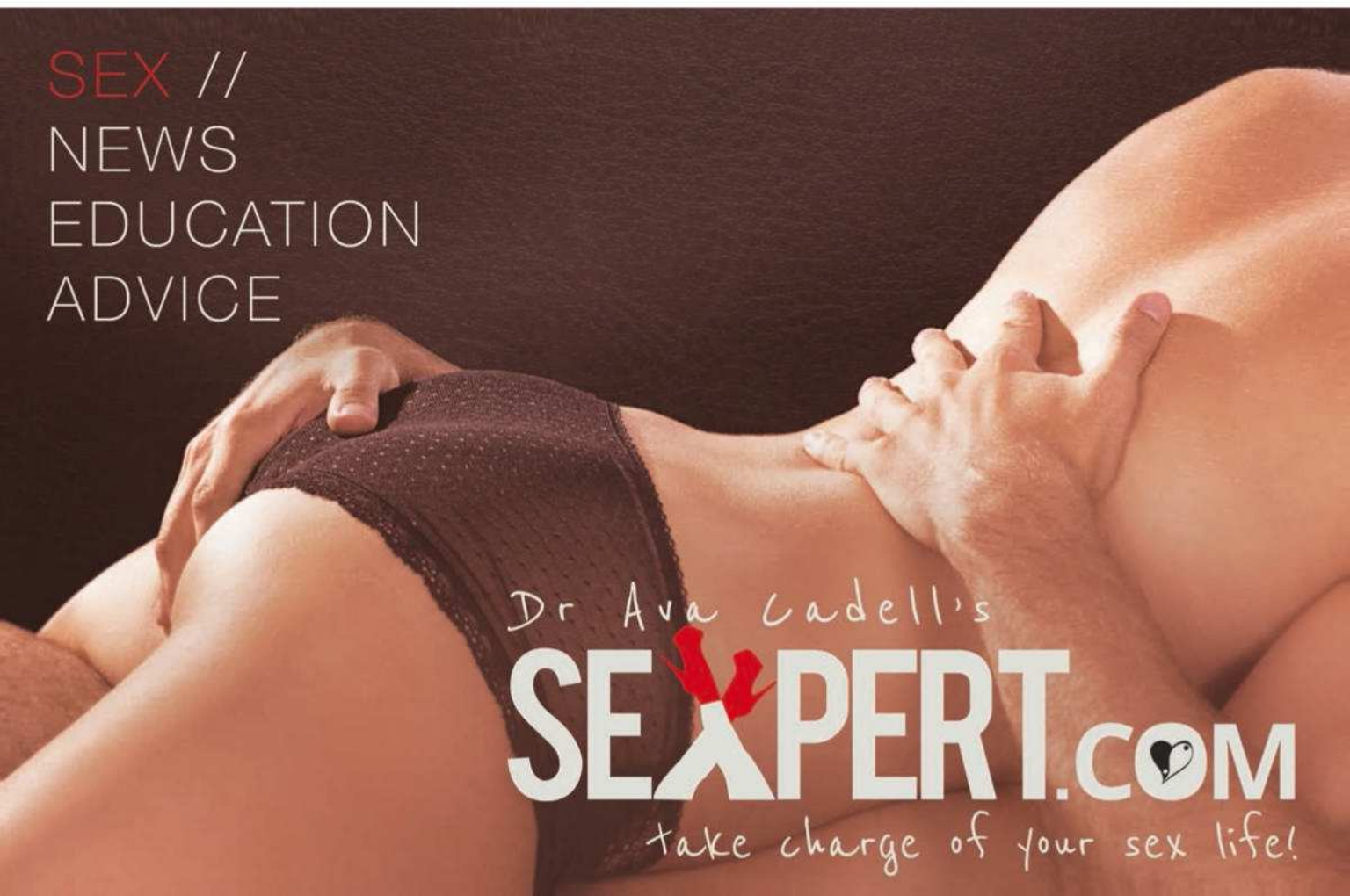
"Anything?" I asked.

He blushed! "Well, almost anything. I was thinking about you putting on a pair of fishnet stockings, and then me slowly taking them off."

"I'd love that—maybe tonight?" The idea of being an exhibitionist for an audience of one appealed to me.

"I'd be honored," he said, then leaned down and pecked me on the cheek. He paid for a see-through white nightie, white fishnets, and tall

"Come on my tits," I said. Terry pulled out and jerked himself all over me. Then he slammed his fingers deep inside me.




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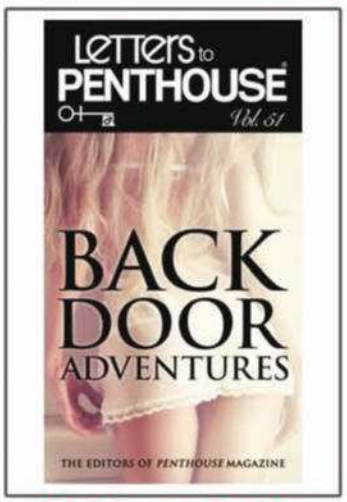
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white heels, leaving the outfit for me.

At the end of the day, I rushed home, showered, and put on the lingerie and stockings, followed by an open robe. Then I called Terry.

He arrived not 20 minutes later, bearing flowers and chocolate. That was a romantic gesture that made me want to rush through the clothing removal and jump his bones, but I knew I'd get a chance to be naked with him soon enough. "Welcome," I said.

"Well, hello," he said, whistling as he took in my outfit. "You look even more beautiful now than you did earlier—and that's saying a lot."

I took his hand and led him into my bedroom, letting him sit on my bed while I got into my chair and put on some sexy jazz to get me in the mood.

"Sit back," I told him, smiling as he settled himself against the many pillows I keep stacked on my bed.

I focused my attention entirely on Terry. I took off the robe, then walked toward him and tossed it at him. I straddled the chair, bringing my ankles behind me so the panties pressed tightly against my pussy. I flipped my hair forward and ran my hands down my legs, and then up again, before dipping one hand into my panties. I peeled down the cups of my bra, revealing my hard pink nipples, and then I stared directly at Terry as I twisted each little nub. The sensation felt so good that I twisted harder, dropping my head back and thrusting my hips forward.

Then I sat back down, kicked off my shoes, and slowly eased the white fishnets down my thighs. In a way, this was sexier than starting off totally nude, and from the sound of his breathing, I knew Terry appreciated my efforts. When the song came to an end, I climbed onto the bed. Then I unfastened my bra and let it drop, revealing my breasts, and stood and lowered my panties, letting him see how wet I was—before I planted my pussy on his face. Terry grabbed my hips and pulled me close, shoving his tongue deep inside me. All the arousal of the day had built up, and I came within minutes.

I shifted so I was on my back, and soon Terry's impressively large cock was entering me. After a few strokes, he was gasping. "I want to come."

"Come on my tits," I said. Terry pulled out and jerked himself all over me. No sooner was he done than he slammed his fingers deep inside me, getting me off again as I screamed in pleasure.

"Wow," I said, laughing. "Who knew my job would get me laid?"

"Well, I hope you'll keep putting on private shows just for me."

"Absolutely, for as long as you want to watch," I told him, before curling up to sleep, so I'd be ready to wow the window-shoppers the next day.—*M.P., Illinois*



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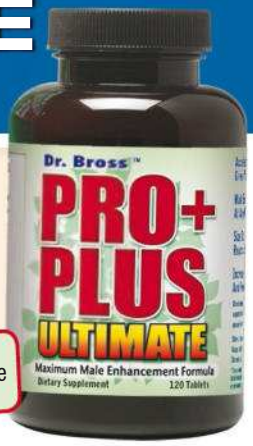
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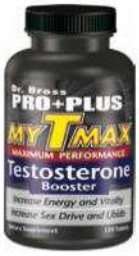
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TOYS FOR TARTS

We close out this special issue with a valentine from sultry Tiffany Brookes and busty, blonde Memphis Monroe. When these girls play around in toyland, they satisfy one and all. See the full gallery and scene at Penthouse.com.






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